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LIGHT AND SHADE.

BY P. O.

Like the first sweet buds of spring
  Bursting into loveliness,
Like the blossoms May doth bring,
Which she on the earth doth fling
  In joyous carelessness;
Like the sunbeam as it dances
  Through the trees above the grove;
Like the ivy as it twineth
  Round the oak, and all for love;
As a cloud obscures the sun,
  As the virgin blossoms fade;
So with life, the pilgrims say,
  Joy and sorrow, light and shade.

As a ripple on the sea,
  Which the breeze, in playfulness,
Kisses as it moves along,
Singing to the sea a song,
  Of love and gentleness;
As the storm so loudly rages,
  When the sea in angry roar
Wrecks the bark that sail'd so proudly
  From some happy, peaceful shore;
As the willow mourns in silence
  O'er the lilies as they fade,
So with life, the pilgrims say,
  Joy and sorrow, light and shade.

TRIED FOR LIFE;

—OR,—

A Golden Dawn.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED)

LADY Rosedene hesitated half a moment. "I may as well tell you," she said; "every one here knows it; and you will be sure to hear it mentioned before you have been in the house many days. Miss Sant was engaged to be married, and a few days before the one fixed for her wedding her lover ran away with her dearest friend."

Hyacinth, to whom all the sin and falsity of the world was as unknown as its pleasures, grew pale at the words; and the only kind of love that she either knew or understood was such as her father had for her mother.

"How dreadful!" she cried, and her eyes opened wide in wonder.

Lady Rosedene smiled at her earnestness. It was plain that love's perfidies were unknown to her. She went on—

"Miss Sant did not break her heart after the usual style of heart breaking. She laughed as she owned how completely she had been deceived; but she has never been the same girl since. There is something hard, cynical, and satirical about her now that no one ever saw in her before. She has refused many offers of marriage—and she is, to my thinking, one of the most brilliant women in English society."

"I should have thought her one of the most miserable," said simple Hyacinth.

Lady Rosedene laughed.

"You will find," she said, "when you know society better, that women have two lives, and that the outer and inner life differ considerably. Women often laugh their brightest when their hearts are breaking; but that is a doleful doctrine to teach you."

"I could never smile while my heart ached," remarked Hyacinth.

"I hope your heart will never ache," was Lady Rosedene's answer. "I must not linger so long over all my visitors, or the dinner bell will ring before you know one half of them. You will like the Count and Countess de Soldana; he is Spanish, she is Italian, and they are, without exception, the nicest pair I know."

"That is a high character," said Hyacinth; "for I should think in the bright world there are many people very nice and happy."

"Let us hope so," responded Lady Rosedene. "You will admire Miss Letchfred. She is a perfect brunette, sparkling, imperious, very much admired, yet with a certain pride that keeps most people at a distance from her."

"I like that description," said Hyacinth impulsively; "I shall like her."

"We shall see. Then comes a cousin of my own, Major Tarne—a hero in India—a man who is honest in thought and deed."

"I shall like him," said Hyacinth, with a candor that delighted Lady Rosedene.

"I hope you will," she replied. "Then there is Kate Hulton; every one likes her; she is one of the most frank, candid, outspoken girls in Christendom. Brave, high spirited, and fearless, she has never said an ungenerous word or done a mean action in her life, I am sure; and withal she is very pretty, bright, and intelligent, if not beautiful. Our only other visitor at present is Sir Harry Beauvoir, and there is nothing extraordinary about him."

Hyacinth laughed the happy sunny laugh Lady Rosedene loved to hear.

"I should say then that he is out of place here, where every one has some extraordinary quality or other."

"Sir Harry helps to cement all the extraordinary qualities in my well selected party. There must be one or two inanities, just to serve as a foil for the others. Now shall I send my maid to help you to dress?"

Hyacinth looked at her shyly.

"I think I can manage best without her," she answered; "I have never been accustomed to a maid."

"You shall do just as you like, my dear; but, remember, a first appearance is everything; and I have made up my mind that you shall produce a certain effect—and I shall be disappointed if my wish is not realised." She laid her hand caressingly on the wealth of golden hair. "It would require an artist to do justice to this. You had better let my maid come; she is a true Parisienne; she knows exactly to the shade of a leaf or the tying of a ribbon what suits every one. I want you to be a *belle* of *belles*."

Lady Rosedene, as usual, had her own way. Hortense came and was delighted with the exquisite beauty of the young visitor. For the first time Hyacinth began to realise that she was gifted with unusual beauty, and that beauty was of itself a power.

Hortense talked the whole time. She was one of Lady Rosedene's privileged dependants, one who never went one inch beyond the line marked for intercourse between lady and maid. She took the greatest pains with Hyacinth. She dressed the golden hair in such a beautiful and artistic fashion that Hyacinth could hardly believe it was her own. The simple white dinner dress lay on the bed; the Frenchwoman made it elegant and picturesque by means of trailing sprays of green leaves; she made a pretty head dress of green leaves and white shining blossoms.

"Is it really I?" asked the young girl simply, looking in wonder at the beautiful vision of loveliness. Before her was a face fair and pure, clear eyes and sweet lips. There was a wealth of golden hair, fine, soft, and luxuriant. She saw neck and arms as white as milk, and perfect as though shaped by sculptor's hands.

Hortense smiled at the words.

"Poets have said beauty wants no adornment," she said, "but to my thinking, Miss Vane, nothing improves any lady, either young or old, as much as dress. That is the bell. My lady said that she would take you to the drawing-room herself."

So flushed with the consciousness of her own loveliness, Hyacinth Vane went with Lady Rosedene into the handsome apartment where she was so eagerly awaited.

CHAPTER V.

IT was fairyland to the girl who had no memories save of her father's sad face and the lime blossoms that hung over her mother's grave. She had tried to imagine what life was like, and had failed. To her father it meant only love and regret; to her it meant longing and hope. Now she saw what it was to others—love, laughter, song, happiness, brightness and enjoyment of every kind. She saw the smiling faces of fair women, their jewels, the sheen of their dresses, their graceful, caressing, suave manners, their thousand charms. She saw men with the faces and chivalrous manners she had dreamed of as belonging to the knights of old. She saw lights, flowers, everything beautiful and luxurious, and she woke suddenly to the knowledge of what life meant. Her whole heart went out to it; she held out her arms, as it were, to embrace it.

That first evening passed delightfully. She was even more admired than Lady Rosedene had anticipated. Miss Sant liked her at once; but, in her usual straightforward fashion, she remarked privately to Lady Rosedene—

"I doubt whether, after all, you have acted wisely in bringing that lovely child into society; there is the dawn of a tragedy in her face. Fair, sweet, innocent as it is now, a story will be written there some day, and you will be responsible for it. I have never seen a girl with such lovely violet eyes who had not a story, and a sad one."

"She is the daughter of a gentleman," replied Lady Rosedene, "I cannot see that I have done anything extraordinary in asking her to visit me."

"I hope you will never repent of it. But I see much in that girl's face beyond mere beauty; there is poetry, passion, love, jealousy. Take care; human hearts are not playthings. Do not try to marry her too well, and let her learn to love some one who will really care for her."

Much as Lady Rosedene liked her candid friend, she was hardly pleased at the warning. "After all," she said to herself, "it matters little what any one says."

The bright days passed. Hyacinth learned many things—to ride, to dance, to drive; the gentlemen delighted in teaching her. She was so frank so fair, so unspotted by the world, so fresh, so simple and original, they declared it was better than reading poetry to talk to Miss Vane. No one else had the least chance while Hyacinth was near; her beauty, her grace, her wit, her simplicity, her bright intelligence, made her queen of the brilliant society in which she found herself.

One week of the month had passed. Sir Harry declared that he was dying of love. Major Tarne said less, but was evidently captivated by the lovely young belle. Hyacinth laughed at it all; the fluttering exaggerations of Sir Harry, the lover like manner of the handsome Major, were all lost on her. She laughed at both. They could never melt her into the faintest gleam of tenderness, or subdue her into one moment's gravity. Lady Rosedene tried once, and once only, to direct her, and failed signally.

"My dear Miss Vane," she said, "you are very cruel to your lovers."

"I have no lovers," answered the girl, with a burning crimson flush.

"Your admirers then. Major Tarne evidently awaits only an opportunity; and he is a good match—few better."

"A good match for what or whom?" asked Hyacinth, with the light of wonderful scorn in her eyes.

Then Lady Rosedene remembered that the jargon of the fashionable world was an unknown tongue to the child of Francis Vane.

"By a good match I mean that he has a large fortune, that he has very influential connections, and holds a high position in the military world."

Something like wonder dawned over the lovely face.

"And would any one marry him simply because he has these advantages?" she asked.

"Certainly—and very properly too," replied her ladyship.

"I never would," said Hyacinth, with a charming air of decision. "My father says there can be no true marriage without love."

"Of course not," allowed Lady Rosedene, remembering his faithful love, and feeling perplexed how to answer.

"Could any one love a man simply because he has plenty of money, or a high position?"

"For those reasons alone, certainly not," answered Lady Rosedene.

"Then, if he is not to be loved for them, he should not be married for them," was the triumphant declaration.

"Hyacinth," said Lady Rosedene gravely, "do not make what I honestly believe to be the greatest mistake any woman ever makes, do not let your whole life turn upon love. Child, when I made up my mind to enjoy life, I said to myself that I must forego all love. I know we elders may teach and may preach; you younger people listen with a smile; but, believe me, love has far more pain than pleasure. It is a fever that burns, but never cools—a rack on which its victim is always stretched—a serpent that stings—a flower with sharpest thorns—a precipice hidden by fairest blossoms—a blessing occasionally; yet more often a curse."

"My father says it is Heaven's gift to man," remarked Hyacinth.

"My dear, few men love as your father has loved. As a general rule, I believe men make the women they love supremely happy for a time, and supremely miserable ever afterwards. Hyacinth, be advised by me: do not let love spoil your life. You have beauty; you may win position, rank, wealth, everything that makes life bright. Try for that—try to marry some one who can make you rich and respected, who can give you diamonds, carriages, horses, an opera-box, country-houses, and town-mansions—never mind love."

Something like wondering gravity came over the lovely childlike face.

"You are very kind, Lady Rosedene," she said; "but I shall never follow your advice. If I marry for anything; it will be for love—love such as my father reads and thinks of."

Lady Rosedene threw up her hands in comic dismay.

"Tell me what you think love is?" she asked.

A shy sweet smile dimpled the fresh mouth, the golden head drooped; then the fair face was raised proudly.

"If I tell you, you will only laugh and say, as you always do, that I am simple, or original, or something of that kind. Yet I will tell you. I think love is something so beautiful that no words can tell what it resembles; no words have power to describe it. What the fulfilment of it must be I cannot say, when the very dawn of it, even the faintest foreshadowing, makes the soul tremble."

"My dear Hyacinth!" cried Lady Rosedene; but Hyacinth did not pause.

"It is usual in your world," she went on, "to laugh at love, to sneer at it, to make it subservient to everything else, to make it a plaything or a toy, so that it can never ennoble man or woman; but to me it seems like the crown that blesses and glorifies a life. I hope it will crown mine. And whenever I marry, Lady Rosedene—that is, if I do marry—it will be for love, and love alone."

"I can only say then that I earnestly hope the love will fall on the right person," replied Lady Rosedene.

"That will be as Heaven wills," said Hyacinth. "My father says marriages are made in heaven. He often tells me about the summer evening when he first saw my mother. The sun was setting, and he heard a sound of sweet music; and then from the church porch came a quiet gentle figure that was like the very revelation of love to him. He told me that the love which filled his heart then was the same which will fill his soul when he meets my mother in heaven."

The sweet voice died in a soft low sigh. Lady Rosedene looked up gravely.

"We look at love from different points of view," she said. "I have studied it in a ball room—you by the side of a grave."

"There is another difference," observed Hyacinth gently. "Your love changes with every fashion—it never lasts a lifetime—while such as my father speaks of begins on earth only to end in heaven."

Lady Rosedene sighed. She looked with wonder at the young girl, so inexperienced in life, yet gifted with knowledge so much more profound than her own—with wisdom so much more sweet and simple. She said no more but after that conversation she never spoke to

Hyacinth Vane again about making a good match.

Every day she became more popular, was more beloved. The sweet, simple wisdom she had learned from her father seemed to be part of her beauty. It was new to those about her, as was the fair loveliness of her young face.

One night when the lilies and roses were sleeping, and the world lay at rest—when the moon shone bright, and the nightingales sang in the green heart of the woods, Hyacinth Vane laid her head on the white pillows and dreamed the dreams that come to the young and happy—dreams in which the bright moonlight foreshadowed a golden halo that was to fall around her—a handsome face, which yet she could not see—strong arms that were to clasp her, but whose grasp was shadowy—a low voice that whispered tender words, none of which were plain to her—dreams that were fragments of beauty, music and song.

She woke with the glow of them upon her. The sun was shining full on her window; the ring doves were cooing; there was not even one white cloud in the blue sky; the whole bright laughing world seemed to call her to new life and new light.

"It seems to me," said Hyacinth Vane, as she threw open the latticed window to let in the perfumed air, "that something is going to happen to-day."

There was a stir in the youthful soul—a new sensation of life and happiness—was it only the brightness of the summer day, the warmth of the sun, the fragrance of the flowers; or was it the shadow of coming fate resting on the clear young soul?

The sun rose on many mornings for her, but morning never more dawned for her with the same sweet smile. She never looked out from lattice window again with the same clear untroubled mind. The dawn of her fate had risen for her, the great shadow lay upon her, and she was to know the peace of early girlhood no more.

CHAPTER VI.

MOST of the guests were assembled in the breakfast-room when Hyacinth went down, wild sweet music rising from her heart to her lips in snatches of song. It was a morning to make even the old feel young, and the young delirious with their own youth and happiness. As she entered the room, Lady Rosedene looked up with a smile.

"I have news that will please you, Miss Vane," she said, "although the people are strangers to you. Elmsthorpe Grange is near Dunwold, is it not?"

"Yes," answered Hyacinth; "it is four miles from the village, with lovely woods between. But the Grange is empty now, and shut up."

"Not now," said Lady Rosedene "Elmsthorpe Grange, with all the magnificent estate belonging to it, has become the property of a young friend of mine, Alan Branston; he is the next-of kin to the late Squire, who spent the latter part of his life in the South of France. The old Squire was a wealthy man and he has left the whole of his fortune to Alan Branston."

Hyacinth repeated the name to herself. The sound of it pleased her; there were music and freshness in it—something that seemed to stir her heart and soul. Lady Rosedene went on—

"You have heard of the old Squire, of course, Miss Vane?"

"I have heard him spoken of," she replied. "My father saw him once, many years ago; since then the Grange has been desolate and solitary."

"It will be so no longer," replied Lady Rosedene. "Alan Branston takes possession of it at once. A whole army of workpeople are on the way to it. He will spend a fortune on it; and it will be one of the most superb homes in England. The young Squire has arranged to stay a month with me, so that he can personally superintend the most important alterations. I expect him this morning."

There were a few comments from the guests, and then the subject changed. But Hyacinth seemed to have something worth thinking about. It had been her custom after breakfast to put on her hat and go out into the grounds, and she was generally attended by a little court of admirers; but on this morning a longing for solitude seized her, and she looked with pleading eyes at the gallant soldier who drew near to her.

"Let me gather my roses alone this morning, Major Tarne," she said; and he was compelled to retreat.

Sir Harry was received with a charming pout, and a look which said so plainly, "Pray do not trouble me," that he bowed, discomforted, and went away.

She laughed to herself a sweet girlish laugh, and went down the great avenue of limes, wondering why she cared so much for being alone, wondering what was hid in the summer morning. And then she began to think of Alan Branston and Elmsthorpe Woods. She had loved them with a wonderful love. She had been accustomed to spend long hours in those green solitudes, and she wondered if he would be willing to allow strangers there.

"Alan Branston of Elmsthorpe"—she liked the sound of the name—it had a great attraction for her. She went on walking gently until she came to the end of the great avenue; at that point the green undulating park began. The grass was thick and beautiful; she sat down to rest, and in the music of rippling leaves she seemed to hear the young Squire's name.

Suddenly a tall shadow fell across the grass, and, raising her eyes, she saw the face that was her doom. Two dark clear bright eyes met her own, and seemed to hold her spellbound until the gentleman recovered himself, and with a low bow drew a step nearer. She rose hurriedly and stood before him, the loveliest picture on which a man's eye could rest, the sunlight falling on her golden head and flower like face.

"Do not let me disturb you," he said; and again the wonderful power in his eyes seemed to hold her captive. "I am unfortunate enough to have lost my way; I walked through the park. Can you tell me which path leads to the Hall?"

"The one through the avenue of limes," she said. "I am going—but, no, you will easily find it."

"If you are going in that direction," he cried eagerly, "I assure you I should be most grateful for your guidance."

He looked so eager, so handsome, so imploring, that she said to herself there could be no harm in going a few steps at least in the same direction.

Hyacinth walked towards the lime avenue with him, and then in some strange manner it came out that he was Alan Branston of Elmsthorpe. While she lived she remembered the little patch of yellow flowers at her feet, the tall trees overhead, the fox gloves swaying as she passed them; every little detail impressed itself on her memory, to remain there while life lasted.

She raised her face to his.

"Are you the new Squire?" she said.

He smiled, wondering how she had discovered who he was. They had reached the end of the avenue long before he had finished his eager questions about Dunwold. The picturesque old Hall stood before them.

"Why, I have brought you all the way!" said Hyacinth in dismay. "There is the house Lady Rosedene is on the lawn."

He looked, and before he could say another word she was gone—gone back to the park where he had found her half an hour since. But all the world was changed to her; there was new brightness in the sunshine, new color on the grass. Nothing apparently had happened, yet the world seemed quite different, and was never to be the same to her again.

She was half shy when the hour for luncheon came. As she crossed the lawn she saw the Major waiting for her and Sir Harry hovering in the distance. They both looked somewhat curiously at her; there was a new light on her face. It was no longer the face of a child; the dawn of passion and of womanhood was on it.

There was much talking and laughing in the dining room. In the midst of a group, she saw Alan Branston talking to Lady Rosedene, who turned quickly to her.

"This young lady is one of your nearest neighbors, Mr. Branston," she said; "let me introduce you to Miss Vane."

The lovely blushing face drooped before the sudden fire of admiration that she saw in his eyes. Neither of them said a word as to the previous meeting. Lady Rosedene, with her quick eyes, noticed the girl's blush, and a sudden idea came to her; with her usual impetuosity she would have spoken, but she restrained herself; one word might have spoiled the whole scheme that had suddenly shaped itself in her mind. Alan Branston must marry Hyacinth. He had wealth, a fine old Manor-house, and everything that was luxurious; she had beauty, and gentle training.

"It is the very thing," said the lady to herself. "Providence must have arranged it; there could be no more suitable marriage than this."

For the first time in her life, Lady Rosedene paused for quiet reflection, and then turned away lest by one word she should mar what seemed to her the finest idea she had ever had.

"Are you staying here for any time?" asked Alan when they were alone.

"Lady Rosedene invited me for a month," Hyacinth answered; "I may remain longer. If my father wants me, I shall of course go at once."

"I hope your father will not want you," he said. "If you were to go now, I should feel that I had been deprived of all the pleasure I anticipated from my visit. I did not mention to Lady Rosedene that I had met you."

A lovely flush of color came over her face.

"Why not?" she asked, with down dropt eyes.

"I thought I read in your eyes that you would rather I did not name it."

Her heart beat faster at the words.

"I did not know that my eyes told such stories; I must keep them closed," she replied laughingly.

"If you do, it will be to me as though the sun had set," he said; and the words did not seem like flattery to her.

There was some strange attraction to her in the handsome young Squire; a glamor such as had never fallen over her fell over her now. In some vague curious way that she could hardly understand the world seemed suddenly to concentrate itself in that spot where he stood—so much so that when the dressing-bell rang a thrill of impatience passed over her; she felt grieved to be disturbed.

His eyes lingered on her until she had quitted the room, and then he roused himself with a deep sigh, like one who comes suddenly to himself after a dream. This dainty delicate girl, with the tender eyes of a child and a woman's sweet mouth, with a voice sweet as music and a laugh like the chime of silver bells—he had seen no one like her; while Hyacinth went to her room with a new world opened to her.

The pretty pale silks, the clear white muslins, the delicate wonders of lace, were all set before her; and she who laughed on the preceding day at the number of her dresses, now sighed because not one was pretty enough. Hortense was very patient.

"You could have no prettier dress than this, Miss Vane," she said; "the blue is very pale, and the white lace looks rich and elegant."

So Hyacinth sat with sweet dreamy eyes, while Hortense brushed out the golden waves of hair, and arranged the pretty dress. She looked like some beautiful picture cut from a frame, with her flower-like face—a lovely smile parting the fresh lips—her white neck and bare rounded arms, so fair, so tender—with all the halo of youth around her, the first faint dawning of love giving to her a beauty that nothing else on earth could give.

CHAPTER VII.

IT all seemed so strange to Alan Branston. He had seen a hundred fair women, with love in their eyes and on their lips—none of them had moved him. He had seen Court beauties, the fair women of great cities—not one had lived in his heart. But this girl had looked with the sweet tender eyes of a child into his own, and his soul had gone out to her. After that first glance, she stood apart from the whole world to him. Whatever might happen through his fancy, the one great love of his life was for her, and no other should have it.

He waited impatiently until she came down into the drawing-room. No matter what Lady Rosedene said, he should take her in to dinner and sit by her side. He felt already an impatient kind of jealousy lest any one should be before him. He stood near the door so that he should be able to join her at once.

The door opened and she came in—lovely, golden, bright, and like a rose, so fair, so dainty. And as he drew near she gave him one of the most coy glances that ever made a man's heart beat—one of the most delicious smiles that ever thrilled a man's heart. There was an attraction, a something, that drew them together; neither knew what it was, neither understood it, save that it was sweeter and stronger than they had imagined anything in life to be.

Lady Rosedene gratified the desire of his heart. She asked him to take Miss Vane in to dinner. Neither of them saw the corridors or the doors. They sat at the sumptuously spread dinner-table almost without an idea of what was on it. The whole world was glorified to them. They ate ambrosia from golden plates; they sipped nectar from golden cups.

Long before the dinner was over Alan Branston had lost himself in the light of Hyacinth's eyes. More than one present smiled to see how completely they had forgotten the world in each other. Some sighed as they smiled; for the golden hours of youth and love fly so quickly. It was pretty to see. He was so handsome, so gallant, so brave, with a careless laugh, a happy smile in his dark eyes; he had a rich ringing voice, and a chivalrous easy manner. He was the *beau ideal* of a lover—ardent, poetical, pleasant in every word and look with a lordly protecting air that was irresistible. She was so dainty in color and shape, so perfect in her fresh girlish loveliness, that she looked more like one of the sweet flowers she was named after than anything else.

It was pretty to see the light in her eyes and the flush of expectation on her face when the ladies in the drawing-room awaited the coming of the gentlemen. Some subtle attraction drew Alan at once to her side. He took the chair nearest to her, and, as Lady Rosedene expressed it to herself, remained there "a fixture" all the evening. Some "charitable lady," as Alan mentally called her, sat down to the piano, and under cover of the music he was able to talk.

"I have been trying to think," he said, "what it is of which your eyes remind me. The blue of them recalls something to my memory, and I hardly know what it is. I have it!" he cried suddenly. "They are of the same color as the deep blue cornflowers that grow in France."

"They grow in England too," answered Hyacinth.

"Yes; but they look poor when compared with the blue ones that bloom under the warm skies of France. I shall take the cornflower for my favorite flower, as Napoleon took the violet, and the Bourbons the lily. I will alter the arms of our family, and add a cornflower to them."

"All because my eyes are blue?" she asked laughingly.

"I begin to think that everything most beautiful is blue," he said. "It is the color of the heavens, of the Southern seas, of the cornflowers, of your eyes."

She laughed.

"That sounds like flattery," she told him.

"Oh, no," he replied. "It is sweetest truth. What a strange thing that I should have come just now while you are here! If I had missed this visit I might never have seen you."

"And then?" she asked, with a sudden paling of her lovely face.

"Then?" he said. "Why the world would have been different, as it is different now," and the evening was over before—to them—it had seemed to begin.

"Is your name really Hyacinth?" he asked her a few days afterwards. "I heard Lady Rosedene call you so."

"Yes. It was my mother's choice," she answered simply; and she told him how proud her young mother had been of the beautiful white hyacinths, and how in dying she had asked that their name might be given to her.

A sudden gleam of tenderness came into his eyes, as she told him of her quiet home, and the solitary man whose only happiness consisted in watching over his wife's grave.

"How real everything must be to you," he said—"how real all love and all sorrow!"

"Are they not real to you?" she asked.

"I fancy that contact with the world in some measure takes the earnestness and the reality from most things. Men try to glide away from sorrow in the world, and look upon love as a jest; to you they are both sacred and solemn."

"They are part of heaven," she answered simply. "My father says that love is a tree—the roots are on earth, the flowers are in heaven. He says sorrow is the fire that prepares us for heaven."

He looked at the lovely guileless young face.

"And you believe what your father teaches, no doubt?" he said.

"Certainly. I think my father is one of the wisest as he is one of the simplest men on earth."

It was pretty to watch how they liked to steal off into the grounds, believing that no one noticed them. When Lady Rosedene saw them in the avenue of limes, she would say jestingly—

"Do not go down by the lime trees—our young lovers are there."

Major Tarne and Sir Harry gave up hope. Every one in the household seemed to have a kindly interest in Miss Vane and Mr. Branston. Those who were old renewed their youth in watching this pretty love-poem.

It was pleasant to watch Hyacinth's face when her lover was near. Its fitful flushes, happy smiles, love-lit eyes, the sunshine that seemed to emanate from her, made everything around appear bright. Lady Rosedene was delighted. She had planned what the world was pleased to call many good matches; but this was different from any of them. This was a case of true love, such as she seldom had to deal with, and her ladyship grew young again as she watched it.

It was so pleasant to see Hyacinth's fair face looking like a rose that had been gathered by her young lover.

The old, old story ran its length—there were lovers' quarrels, half hours when to both of them the lovely bright world was only a funeral vault, when every hope seemed ended, caused perhaps by one word misunderstood. There were hours when she felt sure he did not care for her, and he feared it was all a mistake to imagine that she loved him. They were due to petty lovers' quarrels that had in them pathos enough to make one weep, and comedy enough to make one laugh, and the old story was told over again by them to the same rhythm, the same music, the same smiles and tears, as accompany it everywhere.

Alan Branston was happy as a man could be—brave, quick, energetic, ardent, hopeful; while Hyacinth gave herself up to a passionate happiness that was almost pitiful to see.

The day came when Alan sought his fair young love and asked her to be his wife—neither of them forgot it in the dark hours of the future they both had before them. One afternoon Alan had grown desperate, and had said to himself that he must speak to her that same evening, that he must have her promise to become his wife. Under cover of a song he whispered to her—

"Hyacinth, the stars are shining; do you think you could steal out into the lime avenue for five minutes? I have something I must say to you; the words are burning my heart away. Will you come?"

She looked at him with a shy hurried sweet glance.

"What have you to say that is so important?" she asked coyly.

"Can you not guess, my darling? Oh, Hyacinth, do try to manage it! I must speak to you."

"You are speaking to me now," she said with a happy smile.

"I know it—with forty eyes looking on! Come out under the stars, my darling; I want to see you alone, where I may whisper

something to you, and touch that sweet white hand of yours. Will you come my darling? You will not be missed for five minutes and I can say all I have to say in that time."

Her heart beat fast, her eyes fell before the fire of his The passion of his words moved her strangely.

"I will come," she said.

She was almost puzzled how to manage it; but a few minutes afterwards some of the visitors became greatly excited over some glees and during the performance of them she found a chance of going away without attracting attention.

It was the work of a moment to cover her golden head and white neck with her favorite blue and white shawl; then, passing quickly through one of the side doors, she was soon in the lime avenue.

Quick as she had been, he was there before her.

"My darling," he cried, "we have but five minutes. I want to tell you how much I love you, and to ask you if you will be my wife!"

He drew her to him and clasped his arms round her; he seemed as though he had not patience to wait until the words fell from his lips. He said over and over again—

"I love you, my darling; I want to give all my life to you. I will love you until I die Say you will be my wife, sweet."

She raised her head from his breast and looked at him.

"Do you really wish me to be your wife?" she asked in trembling, loving wonder

"More than that," he replied, kissing her sweet lips; "I pray you to be my wife; and I swear that, if you refuse, I shall not care to live another moment. Do you love me, Hyacinth?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"Will you be my wife?" he asked; and her answer, but one word, was sweet as the sweetest whisper of a summer wind over a bed of lilies.

Then followed for them a few minutes that were like minutes passed in Elysium.

[TO BE CONTINUED)

Matchmaking.

BY C. O.

"MARIA," said Mrs. Allerton to her niece, while they were dressing. "I hope you will do your best to appear to advantage at Mrs. Rowland's party this evening

"Why, aunt?" inquired her niece.

"Need you ask?" said Mrs Allerton. "Is not Mr Lyndon to be there?"

"I think it probable that he will," said Maria

"And is not that sufficient reason for you to exert all your powers of pleasing?" continued her aunt.

"I don't know why you should be at particular pains to please him, more than any other person," returned Maria.

"What a girl you are!" exclaimed Mrs. Allerton. "Don't you know that one day he will come into possession of a princely fortune."

"I have heard so," said Maria; "and that is the reason—or at least one of the reasons, why I am determined to take no more pains to please him than any one else."

"Any person who was ever acquainted with James Walsingham, might know that you were his daughter," said her aunt "He might have had the prefix of 'Right Honorable' to his name, if he had not been so afraid of earning the character of a place-hunter!"

"My dear aunt," said Maria, "just let things take their course, and I daresay they will come out right in the end. Young men are not half so blind as they are supposed to be, and do not, if the truth be known, at all relish being angled for."

Maria Walsingham, when her toilette was completed, never appeared better, for hers was a style of beauty which needed not the foreign aid of ornament; and had she been as anxious as her aunt to see Algernon Lyndon kneeling at her shrine she could not have adopted a more judicious course

It had been Mrs Allerton's intention to arrive at Mrs Rowland's party fashionably late but the obstinacy of her neice relative to dressing plainly, caused her to alter her mind and she and Miss Walsingham were the first who were ushered into the brilliant apartments.

In about fifteen minutes the guests began to arrive in rapid succession. Though Maria did not hear the name of Algernon Lyndon announced, she was soon aware of his presence, by the eagerness with which a number of ladies, each of whom had one or more unmarried daughters, pressed towards the spot where he stood.

"Is your niece, Miss Walsingham, present?" inquired Mrs. Rustlin of Mrs. Allerton, one of the ladies who helped to form the circle, at whose side stood Florence, her daughter, a young lady of brilliant complexion, with a jeweled bandeau sparkling amid her raven hair.

"She is," replied Mrs. Allerton, in a constrained manner, as she mentally contrasted the rich and showy dress of the sparkling beauty near her, and that of Maria.

"Oh, I see her now!" said Mrs. Rustlin. "She is deeply engaged in conversation with that antiquated old lady, who looks as if she came out of the ark, that we were speaking about just now."

"I cannot, for my part," said Florence; "imagine where Mrs Rowland picked her up, and after finding her, it appears to me still stranger why she invited her to her party. One thing is certain—it is not because she is either useful or ornamental."

"It may be," said Algernon Lyndon, "that Mrs Rowland invited her from motives of philanthropy."

"If so," said Florence, "she carries her ideas of philanthropy to an extent which I should call quixotic. I don't think that a lady has a right to invite such an ancient-looking specimen of humanity to mar a brilliant and select party."

"There is no knowing," said Mr. Lyndon, "but that the ancient looking specimen of humanity in question may be richly endowed, both morally and intellectually At least one might infer from the sustained and animated conversation between her and the young lady near her—Miss Walsingham, I think you called her."

"Mrs. Allerton," said Florence, rather abruptly addressing that lady, "we have been wondering who that queer looking person is your niece appears to be on such intimate terms with. Perhaps you can enlighten us?"

"No—I never saw her before," was Mrs. Allerton's reply.

"Really, Mrs. Allerton," said Mrs Rustlin, "your niece might have remained at home and regaled herself with a conversation with your housekeeper. Bless us, the spell is broken at last! See she has left her fascinating companion, and is coming this way, conducted by Mr. Rowland."

They all imagined that Miss Walsingham was going to join them but they soon found that the piano, not they, was what constituted the attraction.

When she commenced her song, the most inveterate talkers were for once silenced. The pure, dulcet tones of her voice possessed for them a still greater charm than the continuous buzz of their own.

"Your niece is becoming decidedly old-fashioned in her tastes," said Mrs. Rustlin addressing Mrs. Allerton. "I positively used to sing that song when I was a young girl."

"You who have so recently come from Germany, the land of song," Mrs Rustlin went on to say, as she turned from Mrs. Allerton to Lyndon, "must find an old Scotch ballad like the one Miss Walsingham chooses to entertain the company with, particularly dull and tiresome."

"On the contrary," was the reply, "it is particularly grateful. It is one of my favorites partly on account of its simplicity and pathos, and partly because it is the favorite of one who has ever since my remembrance, been the same as a mother to me."

"It is natural that you should like it then," said Mrs Rustlin. "The lady you allude to is an excellent woman, I have heard. Florence, you agree with me, I know?"

"Certainly," was the young lady's reply. "Nothing, in my opinion, exhibits the character of young persons in a more charming and amiable light than an endeavor to assimilate their tastes to those of their parents and guardians."

Mrs. Rustlin and her daughter exchanged smiles, while Algernon Lyndon, who had for some time been meditating his escape, took advantage of an opening in the circle, to slip quietly away. The ladies, who had so long held him in duresse, silently watched him till they saw him approach the elderly lady with whom Miss Walsingham had been on such excellent terms.

He remained only long enough to exchange a few words with her and then approached the piano, where Miss Walsingham, having consented to sing another old-fashioned song, was still seated.

"You must introduce me to Miss Walsingham," said Algernon, aside to Mr. Rowland, "as soon as she has finished her song."

"You show your good taste in requesting it," said Mr. Rowland.

Maria, though so firmly pre-determined not to like Mr. Lyndon, had found her resolution giving way before the introduction took place; and now, while she listened to his just, and even eloquent remarks, made without the least attempt at display, her prejudices, which had their true origin in the excessive and fulsome praise lavished on him by her aunt and others, vanished like the mists of morning.

While Mrs. Rustlin and her daughter, and others equally interested, regarded her with envious and jealous eyes, Mrs. Allerton could scarcely restrain an open manifestation of triumph.

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"What is the matter, Florence?" said Mrs Rustlin to her daughter, who, having just returned from some morning calls, seated herself on the sofa; with a manner and with a countenance expressive of angry excitement.

"I never was so vexed in my life," said Florence.

"Why? What has happened?" inquired her mother.

"Enough," I should think," replied Florence. "You remember that lady in the antiquated dress at Mrs Rowland's party last evening? She is Mrs. Payton, Mr. Lyndon's aunt, or mother," as he calls her," replied Florence.

"I won't believe it," exclaimed Mrs. Rustlin.

"It is true," said Florence, "for I had my information from Mrs. Rowland."

"Well, the game is up with regard to him, then," said Mrs. Rustlin. "You will never be Mrs Algernon Lyndon It is easy to see why that sly Maria Walsingham was so attentive to her. She has not the least idea, I suspect, that the mask she assumed must appear perfectly transparent to all except Mrs. Payton and Mr Lyndon, and so it would be to them, were they not blinded by self-love."

During this colloquy between Mrs. Rustlin and her daughter, Mrs. Allerton, with an air which showed she had never on any prior occasion held so exalted a place in her own esteem, was congratulating her niece.

"I thought," said Mrs. Allerton, "you would stand no chance of attracting Mr. Lyndon's attention; but never, at any moment, did I tremble for you as when I saw you so completely engrossed in conversation with that antiquated looking woman. Mr. Lyndon, too, showed himself to be possessed of more moral courage than I could have given any young man of fashion credit for, when he actually went and spoke to the old lady."

"As you say," returned Maria, proudly, "Mr Lyndon did show himself possessed of more moral courage than some young men I have seen Mr. Dudley Melton, for instance, who caused such a sensation last year, was ashamed of his own mother—one of the most intelligent, intellectual women I ever met with, because she was ignorant of some of the conventionalities of fashionable life I suspect, aunt, you have not yet heard who the lady is to whom Mr. Lyndon was so condescending."

"No, I have not," was the reply.

"It was Mrs. Payton" said Maria.

"What! His rich aunt?" exclaimed Mrs. Allerton.

"Yes," replied Maria, "she had been at Mr. Rowland's several days, and the party, by Mr. Lyndon's suggestion was out of compliment to her. She suffers from low spirits, and he hoped it would have the effect to cheer her."

A call from Mr Lyndon gave a pleasant interruption to their conversation. He appeared to great advantage—better a thousand times, Mrs Allerton said, than she had ever seen him before.

When, several weeks afterwards, Mrs. Allerton found that he had offered himself to her niece, and was accepted, she said: "Mrs. Payton can give a fortune to her nephew, but I, by my tact and clever management, shall succeed in securing both a fortune and a husband for my niece."

This assertion, though in moments of cool reflection it appeared rather odd to herself, as well as others, was repeated so often that she ultimately imagined it to be true.

A BORDER PARTY.—The first settlers of Boulder, Colorado, went there in 1858. In 1858 quite a number came, and some sixty log houses were erected before 1860 stepped in. Of these log houses but a few remain. Christmas, 1859 saw a jovial crowd of dancers in one of these houses, windowless, we believe, at that time. The hardy pioneers, when after fun, had it. On the night in question about two hundred sons of toil and seekers of gold and their fortunes and seventeen ladies had assembled at the above-named place to partake of a frontier Terpsichorean. Marinus G Smith was then one of the beaux of the town, and his dress suit consisted of a pair of seamless sacks, and colored blue by the aid of logwood. A lady now living in town had an elegant dress made out of flour sacks colored by the aid of logwood There were few white shirts in the neighborhood then, most of the pioneers wearing woolen or flannel ones. A man with a white shirt was in style, and could dance with his coat off; a man without any would wear a coat buttoned up to the neck. Coats for dancing purposes did not seem to be any too numerous, consequently, the pioneers helped each other out. For instance, Alf Nichols had six white shirts, which were all at that ball, and the coats of these six white-shirted fellows went to cover the backs of someone else. When one fellow had had a dance he would kindly loan his coat to another, and then his turn would come, and so the white shirts and long coats were dancing all night, and went round among the two hundred men. There were no wall flowers among the seventeen ladies. As for the supper, it was a grand affair. Wash-boilers full of coffee, great hunks of black-tailed deer, rabbits, fish, game, and delicacies brought from the States in cans, all went to make up a glorious supper, one that the partakers would like to see repeated. They may not have been much style, but the seamless sacks and flour bags saw as much pure enjoyment as does the finest and most fashionable attire of to day

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Wordsworth loved the daisy—as all poets do.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

CURIOUS KNIVES.—There is a curious class of knives of the sixteenth century, called grace knives, the blade of which have on one side the musical notes to the benediction of the table, or grace before meat, and on the other the grace after meat. The set of these knives usually consisted of four They were kept in an upright case of stamped leather, and were placed before the singer according to the adaptation of each part to the voice indicated upon them.

OLD WATCHES.—In 1504 watches began to come from Germany to England, and the watchmaker soon became a trader of importance. The watches were often of immense size, and hung in a rich case from the neck, and by fops wound up with great gravity and ceremony Output mainsprings must have been slightly affected by changes of weather, and sometimes a little out of time in wet Novembers Country people sometimes carried pocket dials in the shape of brass rings, with a slide and aperture, to be regulated to the season.

THE MONARCH STILL A MAN.—Who forgets the anecdote of Napoleon and the villages bells of Brienta? He was riding late one day over a battle field, gazing stern and unmoved on the dying and the dead that strewed the ground by thousands about him, when suddenly "those evening bells struck up a merry peal. The emperor paused to listen; his heart had softened; memory was busy with the past; he was no longer the conqueror of Austerlitz but the innocent happy schoolboy at Brienta; and, dismounting from his horse, he seated himself on the stump of an old tree, and burst into tears. The rock was smitten, and living waters came gushing from it!

SUPPRESSED BIBLES.—The following are notable examples of suppressed Bibles: 1538—An English Bible in folio, printed at Paris, unfinished. 1542—Dutch Bible by Jacob Van Leisvelt. The sixth and best edition given by Leisvelt, and famous as being the cause of this printer being beheaded. 1556—French Bible by Rene Benoist, Paris 1566 folio, three volumes, completed. 1629—Swedish Bible, printed at Lubeck, in 4to, very defective. 1666—A German Bible printed at Helmstedt, in part only, 4 o. 1671—A French Bible by Marolles, in folio containing only the book of Genesis Exodus, and the first twenty-three chapters of Leviticus.

CHINESE VENERATION OF PAPER.—The Chinese profess a superstitious veneration for paper. The history of its invention is lost in the obscurity of their fantastic annals but they believe that respect for this material was enjoined by the sages of antiquity. They never put to profane uses any paper on which written characters are to be seen, and avoid treading upon the coarser wrappers that are marked with the symbols of human thought. We are even told by recent travelers that a certain class of Chinese make it their special mission to pick up neglected scraps of fibrous tissue to rescue them from profanation, and to burn them solemnly in pagodas before the images of their saints.

TRAVELING WAGERS.—There have been traveling wagers, and none of the least singular of such was that of Mr. Whalley, an Irish gentleman (and who, we believe, edited Ben Jonson's works) who, for a very considerable wager, £20 000, it was said, set out on Monday the 23 d of September 1788 to walk to Constantinople and back again in one year. This wager, however whimsical, is not without a precedent. Some years ago a baronet of good fortune, Sir Henry Liddel, laid a considerable wager that he would go to Lapland, bring home two females of that country and two reindeer in a given time He performed the journey and effected his purpose in every respect. The Lapland women lived with him about a year, but desiring to go back to their own country the baronet furnished them with means and money.

SELF STYLED SAINTS.—The manner in which our venerable Puritan ancestors used the Indians, to say the least of it, was a little summary. As an instance, it is told that soon after the settlement of the town of New Haven, several persons went over to what is now the town of Milford, where, finding the soil very good, they were desirous to effect a settlement: but the premises were in the possession of the Indians and some conscientious scruples arose as to the propriety of dispersing and expelling them. To test the case a church meeting was called, and the matter was determined by solemn vote of that sacred body. After several speeches had been made in relation to the subject, they proceeded to pass votes—the first was the following: "Voted that the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." This passed in the affirmative, and "Voted that the earth is given to the saints." This was also determined like the former—nem. con—31. "Voted we are the saints," which passing without a dissenting voice, the title was considered indisputable, and the Indians were soon compelled to evacuate the place and relinquish the possessions to the rightful owners.

LOVE.

BY A. C.

O lady, hushed, and sweet, and white,
Among your pillows, wake,
A lover to your window-light
Has brought his heart to break.

So sadly playing on his flute,
His flute of sycamore,
A page so humble made his suit
To nigh born Leonore.

The wind, between the silences,
Came down and kissed his eyes,
And flying back into the trees,
Sung pretty lullabies.

And from across the neighboring hill,
The hill embrowned with shade,
The wild note of the whippoorwill
Was joined to that he played.

And the near river for his sake
Moaned sad as one forlorn,
The while he sang his heart would break
And sang her cruel scorn.

At middle night the ditty sung
So tenderly, gave o'er,
And long, bright tresses overhung
The flute of sycamore.

And down the river, soft and light,
A boat rowed on and on,
And Leonore, the sweet and white,
Was from her pillow gone.

In vain they searched the river-side—
In vain they searched the grove,
For all the strength of woman's pride
Is weakness if she love.

HUNTED DOWN;

—OR,—

The Purpose of a Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

AND what of the faithful, enduring, long-suffering Leonora—a child almost in years, a woman in sorrows—oh, how many dreary years of silent sorrow she had lived in those short five months, since Egerton went away! She never said anything; she read and wrote, and went on with all the occupations she had been used to, and was so quiet and grave, as she had always been, that even Margaret and Isbel thought her more hopeful; but Julian, who knew her so well, read her tearless calmness better, and he saw that the child's heart was breaking.

"Leonora, my dear child," he said, one afternoon, when they were alone, "you make me very anxious about you; you are killing yourself."

"'The sooner it is over, the sooner to sleep,'" said Leonora, bowing her face on his shoulder.

"My dear child," said Julian, passing his arm round her, and speaking in his tender, gentle way, "do I not suffer too? Have I not enough to bear without the fear of losing you too?"

He knew well how to reach her heart; the slight tinge of reproach, gentle as it was, touched her to the quick.

"Oh, Julian, forgive me!" said Leonora. "I can't help it. I don't mean to grieve you."

"But you do," said Julian. "How do you think I must feel when I see you almost dying drooping day by day before my eyes? It is dreadful to bear."

She was silent; but he felt her slight form quiver in every nerve, and presently he said, "Rouse yourself, my little sister. Surely if I can hope, you can do so too? Should we not trust in God, and bow to the stroke of Heaven?"

"I can't bend before the blast and rise again," said Leonora, almost passionately. "I must bow to the storm—and die!"

"And is not that defying Heaven, my darling Leonora?"

"Oh, Julian! Death is all I ask!—all I pray for."

"You speak so, child!" said Julian, energetically, "You who have faced death in the terrible form of midnight murder! You, who even now bear on your breast the proof of how frightfully near sudden death you once were, call the grave all you ask and pray for! Leonora, do you forget that after death is eternity? Will all your high love and noble faith for Angelo purchase you a passport to Heaven? Rather have you not loved a human idol instead, and so worshipped it that He who said, 'I am the Lord thy God, thou shalt have none other gods but me,' has, in His great love, chastened you? Child, pray for life, not for the death you so impiously ask for, or the grave into which you are so madly hurrying."

She had raised her face with a startled, frightened look; but now she hid it against him, weeping bitterly, almost convulsively, "Oh, Julian! Julian! spare me! have mercy!"

He kissed her brow, and gently soothed her; and, when she grew calmer, whispered words of hope till he won from her lips a faint smile, and a whispered 'Dear Julian, if it were possible to do so, I love you better than ever I did before. I will never again be so impiously wicked as I have been."

"Are you angry with me?" said Julian.

"Ah! no, Julian," she replied; "rather am I grateful to you." And she bowed her head, and kissed his hand.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"LETTERS," said Julian, coming in towards the middle of the next day with several in his hand; "one for you, Miss Arundel; here, Isbel, are two; and for you, Leonora, throwing several into her lap, "a lot of business letters; one, I dare swear, from some muff of a constituent, asking for an appointment."

"Constituents seem to think that members are made of appointments," said Leonora. "What is your letter, Julian?"

"From my—from Marion Rochester," said the artist, remembering Margaret's presence just in time.

There was a silence while he read, and then he put the letter in his wife's hand, with three words in Italian, which made Leonora rise quickly, and read it over Isbel's shoulder; no rudeness in any of them to Margaret, who was occupied with her own letter.

Marion's letter contained briefly the tale of her happiness, and an earnest entreaty from herself and Austin, for Julian and Isbel to come down as soon as they could. None of the three so deeply interested in her fate spoke; and, indeed, before they could do so, the door opened, and a servant appeared.

"Miss de Caldara," he said, "your servant, Burns, is here, and desires to see you directly."

The Castilian rose calmly, but with a face so white, that Julian followed her out; and, laying his hand on her shoulder to stay her, said to the servant, "Where is Burns?"

"In the breakfast-room, sir," was the reply.

"Very well," said Julian. "Leonora," he added, in French, "I will go into the next room. If you want me, knock at the wall." She bent her head and glided away.

In the breakfast room was Burns, but with such a look of agitation, alarm, and perplexity in his face, that for a moment Leonora's very heart stood still, and it required all her strong will to speak as calmly as she did. "What has happened, Burns! Tell me the worst at once."

"Oh, Miss Leonora, I hope you'll excuse me. I can't understand what has happened, but you must come back with me."

"What has happened?" she repeated, resting her hand heavily on a table near her.

Startled by her stern tone and manner, the old man spoke more quietly.

"This morning, Miss Leonora," said he, "not long ago, a fly stopped at the door just as I was crossing the hall, so I stopped to see who it was. A very pretty foreign looking lady got out, and, in rather broken English, asked 'If the Signor Angelo Egerton had arrived yet—whether he was at home? 'No, ma'am,' says I; 'but you can see his ward, Miss de Caldara, who manages everything;' and showed her into the morning room, and followed her to question her, for you see how she might have been a swindler, or something bad. So I told her very politely that I should be obliged to her for her name, in order to send for you. Then she up and said, very agitated like 'Send for this Signora, directly, then, for I am ill, and tell her I am Lady Egerton, Sir Angelo's wife.' 'Ma'am, that's impossible,' says I, flatly. Oh, Miss Leonora," he exclaimed, "how ghastly you look? Is what she says true?"

"Hush!" said the Spaniard, touching him. "No, my faithful Burns, it is a mistake; but keep your own counsel. You have, I see, brought a carriage. I will join you directly."

She left the room, and for some ten minutes Burns was alone; then she returned dressed, and he followed her.

Julian Rothesay stood at the carriage door, he handed her in, sprang in himself, and bade Burns drive fast, and the noble grays did their part so well, that in a very short time they reached St James's Square.

"Now, Burns," said Leonora, "I will go up to the library, and you show this lady up to me there."

She and Julian ascended the staircase; he went into her own boudoir, and she entered the library which was opposite.

The room looked and felt cold and deserted, and Leonora shivered as she threw off her hat and mantle, and crossed to the cheerless, fireless hearth, and took her stand there with the almost unconscious feeling of guarding the sacred hearth and the household gods that so many memories had made hallowed to her, from the intrusion of the stranger who claimed the right which so many years of faith and devotion had given her.

The door opened, and a lady closely veiled entered. It was a strange and trying position for Leonora—she herself all but Egerton's wife, and confronting a woman who claimed that position—but even then her natural self-control did not fail her; but before she could speak the stranger threw back her veil, disclosing to Leonora's utter surprise, the soft, Madonna like face of Genevra del'a Scala.

"Surely we have met before!" exclaimed the Italian in her own language; "there is something in your face that I remember. Oh, Signora! tell me, in mercy, where my husband, Angelo Egerton, is?"

"Signora," said the Castilian, gently, and in the same tongue, "you are the victim of some strange mistake. Sir Angelo Egerton is unmarried; and, moreover, he never saw you in his life."

"Never saw me!" repeated the Italian, passionately. "You stand there so calmly and tell me that! Listen, Signora. He came to Bologna, and on the strength of a former acquaintance in traveling he came to my aunt's house; he won my heart, and last June we were married. He was kind at first, but more than a month ago he left me suddenly. I pass over my despair. I had money and jewels, and when days became weeks, and he did not return, I became convinced that he had deserted me, and returned to England."

She paused a moment, and then went on in a more agitated manner.

"I determined to claim, and vindicate my rights for the sake of my unborn child, and I came to England, and straight on to your city of London; for I remembered his saying that his house was here—at your great station near the river."

"London Bridge," said Leonora.

"Ah, yes," said the Italian. "Well, there I asked the inspector, as they called him, and asked him how I could find the address of a person in London, for I thought he must know. He was very kind, seeing that I was a foreigner, and alone, and he asked me who I wanted. I told him the Signor Angelo Egerton, and he asked me if I meant Sir Angelo Egerton, the member of Parliament? I said 'Yes, it must be the same;' and then he took me into an office, and looked in a huge red book which he called a Directory, and then put me and all I had in a carriage, and told the coachman to drive the lady to Sir Angelo Egerton's, St James's Square."

She had spoken so rapidly and incoherently, half in broken English, half in Italian, and that not the pure Tuscan which Leonora spoke, and was so agitated, that it required all the Castilian's attention to follow her; and when the unfortunate lady ended with a passionate burst of tears, Leonora for a moment hardly knew what to say or do, for she had as much dislike to "a scene" as any man ever had. She hesitated only a moment, and then she bent over Genevra, and soothed her as only a woman can, till she grew more calm, and then Leonora spoke.

"Your story is a sad one; you have been cruelly deceived and forsaken, but not by Angelo Egerton. Look at this, and say whether your husband was like it."

There were several photographs on the mantlepiece; she opened one and held it out.

"This is Angelo Egerton, Signora," said Leonora. 'Does that face look like the face of a man who could be false to all faith and honor?"

"No, no. Oh! Holy Mother! have pity on me!" cried the Italian. 'This man has deep sad gray eyes, and hair as black as yours; and my husband has black eyes and beautiful strange looking golden hair, dark, but burnished."

Leonora started, and turned ghastly white, and for a moment everything seemed black darkness—black with the utter sense of misery that had fallen on her in that moment. The whole truth flashed across her—ay, worse than the truth. Arthur Vivian had discovered Egerton's pursuit, murdered him, and taken his name to deceive the poor girl, who was another victim of his reckless villainy! But she was too proud to let a stranger see her agony; and stern self command had so completely grown a second nature, that in a moment she recovered her calmness. "Listen," she said. Should you know a picture of him?"

"Yes—ah, yes, Signora," she replied.

"Here is one," said Leonora, taking from the mantlepiece a photograph of the portrait. "Is that your husband?"

Genevra took it, and gazed at it with dilating eyes and quivering lips; then she threw it from her, and clasped her hands on her brow.

"It is! it is! Who and what is he? and what am I?"

Leonora took both her hands in her own. "Look at me," she said, quietly and firmly, "and tell me, Genevra, were you married openly and fairly, and by priest. Be calm, for you injure yourself by such agitation. Now, tell me."

"It was in the Church of Our Lady that we were married," she replied; "openly and fairly, according to the rites, for he belonged to our church."

"To your church—he is an atheist; but you are his wedded wife," said Leonora.

"His name?" she asked. "Tell me his name, and all you know of him."

"Is it for me to blacken a husband to his wife!" said the Spaniard, recoiling. "Enough that his name is Arthur Vivian, and that I know no good of him. He has been a bitter enemy to me and mine."

"I am alone and forlorn—a stranger to your land; but this house is no place for his wife," said the Italian, rising.

"Genevra!" said Leonora.

She turned—threw her arms round Leonora, clinging to her almost like a child to its mother; laid her head against her, and wept as only the broken hearted weep.

Gently and tenderly Leonora soothed the poor Italian, and then bidding her wait a moment, and she would bring an old acquaintance, she left the room.

Nearly ten minutes elapsed, and then Leonora returned with Julian Rothesay.

CHAPTER XL.

JULIAN ROTHESAY and Leonora had very readily decided what to do with Genevra Vivian, as we must now call her. Both for the sake of common humanity, and because she was a link in the strange chain that they felt was slowly and surely drawing to its end, and as she expressed her determination to remain in England, they decided to place her in apartments suitable to her means, which the disposal of her valuable jewels would make comfortable. Leonora happened to know a very worthy couple, whom she had once befriended—old tradesmen of Sir Angelo's—who had lodgings to let; and there she placed the unfortunate Italian, engaging a sister of Mrs. Slater as her personal attendant.

Leonora had a most painful and distressing scene to go through with Genevra; for before they left Slater's house, Julian drew her aside, and told her that she must at once tell Mrs. Vivian that her husband was under an accusation of murder. "She had better hear it gently," he very truly said, "than suddenly, as she certainly would whenever Arthur was taken, and that might come any day;" and Leonora could not but think him right, and she did tell the unfortunate wife as gently as possible; and though she bore it better than she feared, Leonora told Julian that it had been the most trying and dreadful scene she had ever gone through.

The next day Julian and his young wife left for the North, and in the evening Lady Alice came to fetch Margaret to spend the evening with her. She wanted Leonora to go too, but Leonora said she must go over to St. James's Square, as she had an appointment with Egerton's solicitor, Mr. Seymour, on business relating to Falcontower. Would she come later? She answered that she should most probably find other things—letters, perhaps—requiring attention, and she could not promise; so they were obliged to go and leave her.

The truth was the poor child was worn out and ill; constant wearing sorrow and sickening anxiety had begun at last to tell upon her, and she shrunk from anything like society; and yet anything that prevented her thinking was a relief, so that she was glad when she found herself in the carriage whirling along to that dear old house; still more glad when she found herself once more seated by the fire in the old library, with the bloodhound Leon at her feet, and the grand paintings of the old masters looking down from the walls on her.

Mr. Seymour came soon after her arrival; the business he had to transact was soon done, and then she was alone again. Alone, for a long time so buried in painful, anxious thought, that she did not heed or know how time passed, or notice the sounds which would certainly have otherwise attracted her attention, even though the thick and close fitting doors between her and the rest of the house almost muffled them. But as it was, she did not even hear a carriage stop, followed by a knock at the door, and then voices speaking; and then the door opened, and a tall, dark figure entered, so silently that she did not hear any footfall, but was rather that indefinite impression that some one was present which made her rise quickly and turn.

"Angelo!"

"Leonora! my little one, my darling!"

She was folded in his arms, close, close to his breast, in a clasp no human power could have loosed, and in that moment all the suffering and sorrow they had gone through was forgotten, save as a dark dream that was past.

He did not speak, he could not, till at last he held her off to gaze into the face so deeply loved; which for years had been—

His care, his hope, and his delight,
Most in his thought, and ever in sight.

"Leonora, Leonora, how this dear face has changed—how ill and worn it looks!"

"Ah, Angelo, the strongest flower will wither when the hand that cherished it is gone," said Leonora, touchingly.

He half smiled, and sat down in the seat she had left, and Leonora knelt at his feet and laid her head against him, as she had done when a child, winding her slender fingers round his hand with the old, tender, clinging action.

So for a long time they remained, and then she raised her head, and passed her soft hand over his brow, and swept back his rich wavy hair.

"Angelo, you too are changed; this grave brow has more lines and this raven hair more gray than it had five months ago."

"Look at neither now, my little one," said Egerton, gently, drawing her head down on his breast again, and tenderly

smoothing her dark tresses. "My journey has been a fruitless and very near a fatal one. Let it be forgotten. A page in my life obliterated."

"It cannot be, Angelo. A page once read can never be forgotten, and it is one I have not yet read. Ah, Angelo, it has been such a dark dream!"

"Poor child! poor little one! I have learned from Burns all that has happened here, and I know what you must have suffered."

He did not even ask her if she had believed in his marriage, though the proofs of it had been so as to have made it almost pardonable to do so. But she understood him, and pressed her lips to his hand, while a bright tear glittered in her eye and fell; but presently she said, "You cannot know everything, for the worst only Julian and I know. Angelo, read me your page, and I will tell you mine."

"It is shortly told, Leonora; it is a rough chain that has bound us, if possible, closer together."

Then he told her how he had discovered Vivian, by passing him one night in the company of one Alfieri; how he had then, disguised as a Spaniard, Carlos de Alava, got hold of Alfieri, and, bribed him to introduce him amongst the conspirators, pledging himself not to betray them, and then, how at the very moment when Arthur seemed in his power he was made a prisoner by the police, with all but Vivian.

"He managed to escape," said Egerton. "They say the devil takes care of his own. He had not recognized me till I spoke, but I saw him start slightly when I did so. Well, I was of course thrown into prison; and I tell you Leonora I can understand now, by bitter personal experience, what the Bastile, Chatelet, or Chateau D Eu were. I had no trial—I was brought before no tribunal; and when I stated that I was no Spaniard or conspirator, but an Englishman, and a subject of the Queen's, with a right of appeal to the English ambassador, they disbelieved me. I did not give my name, because I did not and do not wish, or intend it to be known, what has passed. They told me that they had received notice that the Spaniard would try and pass for an *Inglese*. That shaft came from Vivian, I am sure. It is true my darkness and somewhat Spanish appearance told against me, for these foreigners seem to think that all English people are fair. Still, I could see that they so far thought it possible that my statement of being an Englishman of rank might be true, that they did not venture to execute me as they did the rest, but contented themselves with keeping me a prisoner. I offered my jailor bribes to convey a letter to our ambassador; he said he dared not for his life do it. My child, those five months of captivity have been years of misery. But God was gracious, and I escaped at last. Some new governor or commandant came, who made me pay a heavy fine or bribe, and quietly released me. Oh, Leonora, no one can thoroughly love freedom who has not endured captivity!"

She nestled closer to him, and whispered gently, "'Let the dead past bury its dead.' Let that dark page be forgotten, save as another link between us."

The strong man bowed his head, and tears fell on her upturned face. He had never loved her so well as then; for the sorrow they had just gone through had bound them, as he had said, yet closer—if that were possible.

CHAPTER XLI.

THERE was plenty for Egerton to do. He had, as he said, smiling, his constituents to address and appease for his long absence, and various other business matters to attend to. Of course the night before Leonora had told him all that had taken place in his absence, and the first thing he did the next morning was to write to Julian a few lines to ask him and his wife, and Rochester, and Marion, to go over to Falcontower the next day. Leonora would be there to receive them, and he himself would join them from Cambridge the evening of the day after. Any one who did not know the man, to have read the letter would have thought him the coldest possible person, who did not care for Julian at all. The next thing was to drive round to Seymour street, and, after remaining a short while with Leonora and Margaret, who warmly and affectionately welcomed him, he went with Leonora to see Genevra Vivian, who had been so cruelly deceived by his name. It was a courtesy which his high chivalry instinctively gave to an unfortunate lady, who had, however, unwittingly on his part, been injured through and in his name.

Meanwhile Margaret was to get all ready for here and Leonora's immediate departure for the North, under the escort of old Wylde and the Castilian's maid, a respectable matronly woman, who had for many years been her attendant. So they went down to Falcontower Castle, leaving Angelo to join them there.

The next morning Julian, Isbel, and the Rochesters arrived at the castle, and for the first time Austin Rochester crossed the threshold of the first and only man who had ever befriended him.

The night that Egerton was expected was a fine frosty moonlight night, and Julian and Austin walked down to the station to meet him.

"We are only a little too early," remarked the latter, as they passed through on to the platform. "He comes from Cambridge, doesn't he, Julian?"

"Yes; Leonora, you know, told us that he had to see his constituents."

"Ah, of course," said Rochester. "By the way, did you see a *canard* in this morning's paper about him? Our fair hostess showed it to me."

"No, what was it, Rochester?"

"Only in announcing the return of 'the young statesman Sir Angelo Egerton,' they were pleased to assign a reason for his long absence during the session, which reason, they said, was 'a secret political mission abroad.'"

Julian laughed and said, "They'll contradict it again to-morrow, when they find in his speech at Cambridge that 'urgent and most strictly private family affairs which had required his departure at a moment's notice, had been the cause of his unavoidable absence;' and he is such a favorite that they will accept his excuse, which is the true one after all. So," he added, laughing, "they call him a young statesman, do they? He is eight and-thirty, and he took his first seat in Parliament when he was twenty one. He is a statesman of seventeen years' standing."

Austin sighed, for he thought how differetn his own lost and wasted youth had been.

And those seventeen years Austin had worse than wasted. Julian's light touch roused him from his painful thoughts.

"Look, Austin, the train is coming in!"

"Is he in it, I wonder?" said Rochester.

The train stopped as he spoke, and several people got out. The tall form of Egerton was conspicuous amongst them, and, suffering the rest to pass him, Julian stepped forwards, and the silent iron clasp of their hands, as the two old friends of twenty years met, spoke more of the deep, strong love between them than any language could have done. Neither spoke, but Julian linked his arm in Egerton's and, mingling with the rest, they passed out to where Austin stood apart awaiting them.

"Here is some one you knew long ago," said Julian, stopping.

"Has Angelo Egerton forgotten Austin Rochester?" asked Austin.

"No," was the reply, and Egerton held out the same strong friendly hand that years ago had been tendered in vain. "No, Austin Rochester, I have never forgotten you. Welcome to Falcontower—thrice welcome home!"

He paused for no reply, and they walked on to the castle.

* * * * *

That night, in the same gloomy old library, where, nearly a year before, the stern, proud man had wept bitter tears of agony for the loss of his child love, and the friend of his youth had whispered "Hope! thy child-love lives for thee!" in that ancient room the same two friends sat alone after all else were sleeping.

"There is a fate against me and a doom upon me," said Julian. "All our attempts to take this black villain have failed."

"Not all, Julian," said Angelo, gently; "you forget the portrait. I am as convinced as that I am sitting here that that portrait, and it alone, will be the means of Vivian's discovery. Dear Julian, you have not been upheld for ten years to fail at last!"

"Angelo, you are right. It cannot be that God will uphold injustice."

There was a silence, and then Egerton said, "There is a thing I want to speak to you about, and that is dear Marion and her husband. His estates are mortgaged to that Fakes we know too well, and Rochester literally has only two hundred a year he can call his own; it will never do, Julian, for the present state of things to last, the money coming from the wife; it must inevitably end in more misery, perhaps a second separation."

"I have thought of it, Angelo, but deferred acting until your return," said Julian. "Have you any plan? You know in all these years I have spent so little of my income that it has accumulated in your care to enough to do more than release his estate, and who has so good a right as I—his wife's son?"

"I have," replied Egerton, "and I claim a right to halve it with you, Julian; for if Marion is your mother, she is my dear sister; and moreover, there is a tie between Austin and me which would make him almost sooner take a service from me than you."

Julian smiled, and said, "As you will, Angelo. What is the amount of the mortgage the rascal Fakes holds?"

"Twenty thousand pounds at least," he replied. "My plan is simply to go to Fakes with the money in my hand, and buy the mortgage deeds of him, and burn them in Rochester's presence."

"Will he let us do it," asked Julian.

"He can't help himself, if we will do it. The deeds once in my hands, he can't compel me to return them to Fakes; nor can he make you or me receive money of him if we don't choose. I tell you plainly, it is more for dear Marion's sake than his, though it is a great deal for himself, too, for I like him in spite of his faults. I think I had better manage it as I suggested with Fakes."

"Certainly," said Julian; "besides you must draw my ten thousand pounds."

"Ay, ay, I have always placed it with separate bankers in my own name. I will write to-morrow to Seymour, sending him the checks and necessary instructions to pay Fakes the mortgages, and make you and me mortgagees instead. There must be a deed of transfer, you know, which I will authorize Seymour to sign for us."

"And when shall you get the deeds down here?"

"Four days hence, but not before; though Seymour will be quick. He'll manage everything."

"That is well," said Julian, rising. "I wish we could at the same time hear of Vivian's arrest."

Angelo laid his hand on Julian's shoulder with a half sad smile, and said, "Time brings truth to light."

The fourth night from that the mortgage deeds came, and in the presence of Austin and his daughter, and Julian, Egerton told Austin what they were and flung them on the fire, and when Rochester remonstrated and would fain have refused the gift, Julian bowed his head on Marion's hand and answered, "It is my gift to my mother. Let it rest."

Egerton turned his noble face to Rochester, and touching his wife said, "She is my sister Marion, and through her son she has suffered for my mother's death. Let me make to her and her husband some reparation; let me have the pleasure of seeing her happy in knowing that the inheritance of his fathers belong to her husband and his children."

How could Rochester refuse a gift which was made to appear an obligation to the giver, and given throughout with such thoughtful delicacy?

Ten days after the papers had the following announcement, prefixed, of course, by the invariable "Marriage in high life."

"We have to announce the marriage of the Conservative leader in the Lower House, Sir Angelo Rothesay Egerton, of Falcontower, M P for Cambridge University, to Leonora Jesuita Maria de Caldara, a young Spanish lady, who has long been the ward of the right honorable member. We understand that the fair bride is the only child of the late Count de Caldara, and third cousin of Sir Angelo Egerton through his mother, the lady Egerton. The marriage was performed in the beautiful chapel of the castle by the Rev. Hugh Bertram, rector of Falcontower, and in the presence of a select number of friends amongst whom was the famous artist, Mr. Rothesay, who gave away the bride, Mr. and Mrs. Rochester of Rochester Court, Lady Alice St. John, and Mrs. Courtenay, and her father Monsieur de Castelnau, etc., etc."

So Leonora de Caldara became Lady Egerton; so the child and maiden became that sacred and holy thing, a wife.

CHAPTER XLII.

"LADA Alice, it is close upon eight, and time you came to dress for Lady Egerton's."

So spoke Alice St. John's maid, who had been with her some twenty years, and was a privileged person.

"Has Miss Arabella gone up yet, Mary?"

"Yes, ma'am, and so must you."

Lady Alice rose, but at that moment a carriage of some sort dashed up to the door, and was followed by a knock at the door, which made the mother start, and say tremblingly, "Mary, that is my son's knock; I am sure it is my son's knock."

"The colonel, ma'am? it can't be!"

"Go, go, Mary, and see."

Mary hurried down stairs. Lady Alice heard his well known voice; his step bounded up the staircase, the door was pushed open, and Alice St. John was clasped in her son's arms.

"My darling mother, how nice it is to see your sweet face again!"

"My darling son, how nice it is to see your dear face again!"

And then she turned him to the light, and put her hand on his shoulders, and gazed into his eyes, as if she were reading his very soul. They never drooped, but met hers with his old bright joyous smile.

"Dear mother," he said, kissing her forehead, "I read your look, and your mother's heart may rest."

"May it, Louis?"

"It may, indeed, sweet mother mine. It was a mad dream, and though the shock that woke me was a rude one, it was a kind one. It was a hard struggle at first, but your letter, telling me of her engagement to Egerton, put into my hands the weapon of self conquest. From that moment I looked upon her as his wife, and when my love thus became a thing derogatory to her and dishonorable to me, it died; it has passed away like a 'tale that is told,' and if the void it has left is not happiness, it is at least peace."

"My noble boy—my brave son—are you sure you can trust yourself entirely?"

"Mother, entirely—most perfectly. She is to me once again the child I have known so long, and at the same time Egerton's wife. You were going somewhere, mother, I can tell by a hundred little things—was it there?"

"Yes, it was, dear Louis; it is a select musical party, but we will stay at home."

"No, mother, I will go with you," said Louis, quietly and steadily; "the sooner I meet her the better, and I had rather meet her in her husband's home and in her husband's presence, than away from either."

"You are right my son; we will go. Tell me first, how it is we have you to-night, instead of three days hence, as your letter said?"

"We had a quick passage over," he replied; "and I hurried on here on purpose to surprise you. Where are Arabella and Cuthbert?"

"Bella is up stairs," said his mother; "and Bertie has, you know, got a very good living in the city."

"Where he can be more Puseyite," said Louis, laughing.

The entrance of his cousin Arabella interrupted him, and Lady Alice went to dress, for though she would rather have had her son at home that evening, she thought it better that he should meet Leonora at once.

"One thing let me say, Louis," whispered his mother, as they drove off, "treat her with your former intimacy; call her Leonora, not Lady Egerton."

"Surely, dear mother, that must depend upon how she meets me."

"Not entirely, Louis. But as you will."

"How comes it they are still in town, mother?"

"Still, Louis! Sir Angelo has been away from May till last September, nearly two months ago, and then they were in the North, for the marriage took place directly and they only came up for the proroguing of Parliament. I suppose he wished to show there, as he had been away before."

"I heard one of my traveling companions say to-day," observed St. John, "that the present ministry cannot survive next February, as they would probably be defeated on their budget, or even on the Queen's speech."

"Ah, well," said Lady Alice, as the carriage stopped, "I don't understand these things; but I hope Egerton and his party will come into office again."

Leonora had not long risen from the piano and was sitting near the door, talking to Austin Rochester and his daughter, Mrs. Rothesay; and, indeed, had just remarked how late Lady Alice was, when the name of "Colonel, Lady Alice and Miss St John" being announced caught her ear, and made her look up with surprise and pleasure.

"Colonel Louis!" she exclaimed, holding out her hand; and in her frank, cordial action, and in her voice and manner, there was no shade of embarrassment, nothing but the old friendly familiarity of her childhood; "how glad I am to see you!"

And Egerton, stepping forward, grasped his hand with the simple and expressive welcome—"Louis, old friend! welcome back to England and home."

Quietly and keenly Lady Alice watched her son's face; but if for a moment he had felt any embarrassment, neither his face nor manner showed it; and perfectly reassured, she sat down by Lady Egerton, and saw him introduced to Rochester, and then move on to speak to Margaret Arundel and several other old acquaintances; nor did even the mother's heart feel any anxiety when, later in the evening, she heard him ask Leonora to sing a song that he had been fond of when she was a child—no, for she was Leonora Egerton, and the magic and holy name of wife had made his honorable nature crush in a year a love which, but for that, might perhaps have been long before it could be vanquished.

* * * * *

Four months have passed—the "bleak winds of March" sweep drearily through the early spring air, and changes have taken place in both the public and private affairs of this history. Whoever Colonel St. John's traveling companion was his prediction had come true, for the ministry then in office had alienated their own friends, and when Parliament met in February they were defeated on the Royal Speech, and not venturing to dissolve, they were obliged to resign, and once more the conservatives came into power, and now again Angelo was in the cabinet. So much for public changes; now pass from Downing street or Westminster Palace to that handsome west end shop; there is a carriage before the door with the armorial bearings of Egerton on it; but enter the house and pass up stairs into a quiet room out of the reach of the noise and bustle of the vast city below it.

There is a matronly woman at work by the window, but on a couch near the fire lies the form of Arthur Vivian's Italian wife—a soft, bright smile on her sweet face as her eyes rest on an infant who is lying on her breast, while leaning against the mantlepiece is the tall slight form of Lady Egerton, but there is a shadow on her dark beautiful face as her calm watchful eyes also rest on the child, and mark that he has his father's golden hair deep black eyes, and will, one day, have his fatal beauty. The mother is thinking the same, too, for presently she looks up and says in her own tongue, "Leonora, he is so like Arthur, I wish——" She paused, something was on her mind that it seemed painful to say.

"What is it, Genevra?"

"Oh! Leonora, he didn't do it. You told me he was only accused—he didn't do it!"

The nurse understood the exclamation, and turning, said, "Lady Egerton, you mustn't let Mrs Vivian excite herself talking to you in her own language, though. I dare say, she takes on more to you, ma'am, being a foreign lady too"

"I am Spanish, not her countrywoman, nurse," said Leonora, smiling. Then she turned to Genevra and answered her in Italian, 'Genevra, do not ask me. If I were to tell you all I know and all I have done, you would never again look on my face, but would turn from me with hatred and loathing."

"From you!" said Genevra, almost passionately and with characteristic impetuosity. "Never! nothing could make me do anything but love you with the deepest gratitude—nothing you tell me could alter that!"

"Nothing?" said Leonora. "Well, as you will, Genevra, you may try the test. Look at my hair, here and there it has gray amongst it, and for ten years it has been there; you have yourself wondered to see how in my teens I am so grave and passionless so prematurely old, in plain terms. I was so from six years old, and what think you changed my childhood into sorrow and years that time had not added, what, but the death of the only mother I had ever known; more, because I witnessed her murder—I saw him escaping, and it is my evidence almost entirely that will convict Vivian. It is I who, after years of patient watching, discovered him, and found means of obtaining proofs against him; my lips will, so to say, sign his death warrant. Not for vengeance did I act, but because another man suffered, ay, suffers still, for his crime—a man who can only be cleared by Vivian's conviction. Now, Genevra, can you truly repeat your words?"

"Leonora, bitter as it is to me, you have only acted for the ends of justice, and nothing can undo the debt of gratitude I owe you"

With unwonted tears in her dark eyes, Lady Egerton bent down and kissed the sweet loving face of the Italian, then drew her mantle about her and glided from the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Fortune Teller.

BY S. D. B.

"THE last Christmas in the old home," said Paul Petherege, mournfully.

With a leaden canopy of cloud, and trees darkly outlined against the colorless sky, the blessed day had dawned.

"Papa, is it true?" whispered Jessie, nestling up to his side.

"Is what true, child?"

"That we have lost our home."

"Yes," said Mrs. Petherege, almost harshly, "it is true, Jessie. When Charles Greyson went away from here, your father was mad enough to lend him a thousand dollars. And the thousand was not his to give—he borrowed it, and gave a mortgage on the house! The upshot of it all is that we are ruined!"

"But, mamma" Jessie lifted her large, wistful eyes to Mrs. Petherege's pale, wan face, "Mr. Greyson should have paid papa back"

"Your father was a fool ever to have trusted him," said Mrs. Petherege, sharply.

"I did it for the best, wife; I did it for the best," pleaded the old man. "Charlie was in debt and difficulty. The thousand dollars enabled him to start the world anew, in another country. He should have paid it back; but, somehow, he has not. I think, however, under the circumstances, I should be tempted to do the same thing again."

"Then you ought to be put into a lunatic asylum!" retorted his wife "And the mortgage to be foreclosed next week—and all the furniture to be sold at auction. I declare, it's enough to drive one mad only to think of it!"

"It's Christmas day, wife," said the old man, gently. "Hark! don't you hear the bells? Let us try and forget all our troubles—for a little while, at least. We'll go to the old church once more arm in arm, and thank God for all the blessings of Christmas day."

So the old couple set off together, through the slow drifting snow flakes to the little church, where, thirty odd years ago, they had been married.

And the neighbors whispered to one another how old and broken down Paul Petherege looked, and what a pity it was about the mortgage.

While the old man, looking up at the evergreens that made a green gloom in the old church kept whispering to himself—

"The last Christmas! the last Christmas!"

In the meantime, dimpled Jessie, at home, was doing her best to make the old "house" look like Christmas.

Then she fastened a bunch of crimson berries into her jet black braids, and took a peep into the oven to see how the chicken was getting on.

"Not much of a Christmas feast," thought Jessie, with a sigh.

"I can remember when we used to have great turkeys, and mince pies, and cranberry tarts, and real silver forks. Oh, if we were only rich again!"

As she came in from the back kitchen with her apron full of apples, which neighbor Grant had sent them the evening before, she started, to see a tall stranger warming his hands at the fire

"Mr. Petherege lives here?" said he.

"Yes," said Jessie, solemnly; "he lives here, but he isn't at home."

"Gone to church, eh?" said the stranger.

"Yes," said Jessie, "he has gone to church."

"Then I'll wait for him," said the stranger.

Jessie Petherege's large eyes dilated with grave displeasure.

How did she know who or what he was?

She was all alone in the house, with not a soul within call, and she was quite aware that it behooved her to be cautious.

"I don't think you had better," said she.

The gentleman looked up with a smile.

"Ah, I see" said he. "You take me for a beggar. Do I look like one?"

"I never saw a beggar like you," said she; "but I have read that they often dress like gentlemen. And——"

"Be easy in your mind," said the stranger, laughing, "I am rather a sort of fortune teller. Would you like to have your fortune told, pretty one?"

"No," said she.

"But I shall tell it, nevertheless," said the gentleman. "You will not let me look at the palm of your hand? Well, then, I must manage to read the future without. In the past there is poverty and trial; in the present there is a mortgage clouding over each of your lives"

"How did you know?" cried out Jessie.

"Didn't I tell you I was a fortune teller? But I haven't said all. The cloud is destined to pass away; there is sunshine in store for you yet."

"That's all nonsense," said Jessie.

"Is it? Well, we shall see. And I am not only a fortune teller Jessie Petherege, I am Santa Claus, too. Don't you believe me?"

"No," said Jessie, bluntly.

"My pack is outside," said the strange visitant. "Here, you hackman,," he called out the window, "come in with those things."

Jessie turned pale; her eyes grew larger.

"Now he is summoning his accomplices," she thought. "Now they will rush in, and I shall be gagged and bound."

But the only "accomplice" who appeared was a stout red faced man, laden with packages, which the problematical stranger assisted him in unloading.

"First, a turkey," said this modern Santa Claus. "Next, a Christmas pudding, stuck all over with raisins, and almonds, and bits of holly. Next a pair of chicken pies. Next, white grapes, figs, oranges, and a Christmas cake, crusted three inches deep with frosting. Jellies, tarts, and all that sort of thing, with half a dozen bottles of old Madeira, and a box of French bonbons for the little girl—that's you, Miss Jessie. Now, where is the hamper packed in straw? Oh, here it is, all right. Where shall we unpack it, Miss Jessie? It's a set of dinner china, for your mother, with 'P' on the rims for Petherege. And there's a new suit of clothes for your father, and a blue silk dress and a sealskin jacket for you, and—hold a minute," feeling in the breast pocket of his coat, "where is that parcel? It's what your father will like best of all, the deeds of the old homestead safe and sound! The mortgage is not to be foreclosed at all; the money is all paid off and Paul Petherege is fair and square with the world again."

"I understand" said Jessie, who had grown a little pale, "you are Mr Greyson?"

"It is you that are the fortune teller now," said Greyson, laughing. "Yes, Miss Jessie, you are quite right. Your father—God bless him—reached out a hand to lift and help me, when all the rest of the world turned away. Had it not been for him I should most likely have been a beggar. He saved me—yes, saved me, soul and body both. And when I forget his kindness, may God in Heaven forget me!" with an unusual huskiness in his voice. "But now, Miss Jessie, help to set the table. We must have all ready before your father and mother return from church."

And when Paul Petherege and his wife came back, through the drifting snow, with sluggish footsteps and drooping heads, a strange and unwonted sight met their view.

The table spread with glistening double damask, and set with china and silver and cut glass, the tropical fruits, and rare red wine, and the mammoth turkey, and the unctuous plum pudding, and the glittering pinnacles of the ornamented cake, with Jessie's brilliant eyes shining like stars, and Mr. Greyson gravely employed in roasting chestnuts before the fire.

He held out both his hands to the astonished old couple.

"A merry Christmas, Mr. Petherege," said he, "and many of them."

"Papa," cried Jessie, incoherently, "he has paid off the mortgage, and he has brought you all these things, and he has put a thousand dollars more to your credit in the bank because, he says, it is a debt that he owes you. And, oh, papa, it isn't a dream, is it? Are you quite sure we are all awake? Because it seems too good news to be true."

And Jessie burst into tears

The old man turned to his wife with a quiet smile.

"Sarah," said he, "did I not tell you that the Lord would provide? And, of all times, ought we not to trust in His goodness most implicitly on Christmas day?"

And so the stormy Christmas came and went and left the sunshine of a great blessing on Paul Petherege's heart and home.

Eva Hamilton.

BY W. B.

"PAPA, it is too absurd. The idea of telling me I cannot have this, I must not have that, because——"

Eva Hamilton was remarkably pretty even when she pouted out her red lips as she was doing just now, when her father interrupted her quite crossly.

"Because you are an extravagant girl who does not know the value of a shilling Eva, there is no use in your setting yourself against me, and telling yourself that because I am a rich man and able to pay your bills, you will be so recklessly extravagant. No use—because if another time I receive such outrageous accounts of yours, I will notify your tradesmen that you are to have nothing without the cash hereafter. Eva, have you any idea what you are spending for dress?"

Sudden remembrances occurred to her of a cream-hued silk, and a gold-threaded tissue, and dainty grenadines, and stylish worsted suits, a velvet carriage dress, sundry fleecy Swiss evening dresses, hats, hose, boots, and gloves, *en suite*, with very elegant toilette.

"Well, yes, papa, but then everybody knows that you can perfectly well afford anything, and—and, besides that, I—I do want to look nice on—on Mr. Baldwin's account, papa."

Mr. Hamilton looked in amazement at the girl.

"Mr. Baldwin! Not St. Clair Baldwin—not my secretary?"

There was a suppressed wrath in his tones that made Eva pale a trifle.

"You have always said what a splendid young fellow he was, papa, and——"

"Eva, you are not a fool—you know as well as I that St. Clair Baldwin is about as suitable a match for you as for a princess. And you, you to dress yourself up to please him. Eva, you are a fool."

Her bright eyes blazed defiantly.

"Papa, you mustn't talk so to me. I do like St—Mr Baldwin, and I don't like anybody else."

Mr. Hamilton and his daughter looked very like each other as they stood there, both indignant, both defiant, both unyielding.

Then he brought his hand down with a reverberating thump.

"I tell you I will have no more such idiotic nonsense. If I hear of your encouraging Baldwin in the least degree, I will discharge him and punish you. You understand me fully?"

And there was something in her father's manner and language that made her know he meant what he said.

For a time Eva benefited by Mr. Hamilton's irate decision, and then—I hardly know how to chronicle a chapter of her history, in which occurred such pitiful woe, but her love of dress and her unbridled extravagance led her step by step; her fear of her father's mortifying threat served to stimulate her caution.

St. Clair Baldwin was desperately infatuated with her, and dreamed no ill of her until it was too late, and then chivalrous, manly pride sealed his lips, when, one awful day his employer went up to him with a white, wrathful face, and told him he was arrested for forging a cheque in his name.

And then it was, that, although he at once understood the position he occupied, St. Clair Baldwin refused to give any explanation or offer any denial of the charge, and the result was—because he loved Eva Hamilton, and was too infatuated to realize the horrible enormity of the crime she had committed, and which he had unconsciously aided. He went to prison for five years a branded forger, an innocent man, while Eva—fair, beautiful, petted, admired—suffered days of acute pain and shame, and not a little fear, and then went on again in her gay round of society dissipation—not as before, however, because there had gone a letter from her to the prison cell, written by hot, quivering hands, that changed all things for her, and for St. Clair Baldwin, to whom it came, like a cup of cold water to thirsting lips.

It was a letter characteristic of the girl—impulsive, impassioned, generous hearted, and it had made the gloomy prison like a gilded palace to him who worshipped the girl so well, for the daintily written letter, with its monogram of crimson and pale azure and gold, its satin smoothness exhaling a faint grateful odor of wood violets, had told him what the girl's lips had always coquettishly refused to tell him—that she loved him so well that no man should ever speak words of love to her; and that when the hour came that he should be free from his heroic endurance of punishment that made her hate and despise herself—when that blessed time came, if he so willed it, he might claim her for his wife, assured that every day of separation on her part would but add greater admiration, respect, and love to her affection for him.

And St. Clair felt that such a letter was almost worth the terrible price he had to pay for it.

And because he was so romantic, and grandly chivalrous, he was patient and content, and bided his time, living on the sweet assurance of Eva's written word.

So the years went on—long years even to the bright, beautiful icicle of a girl whom no lover could approach, the girl who was waiting for the one man she loved to claim her—long, weary years to him, a long wearisome time for hope and romance to survive, when there were so many, many opportunities for calm solid reasoning.

But the day came at last when St. Clair was let go free, and, from the prison gates he was driven direct to the magnificent house where Eva Hamilton was waiting for him—waiting in all the eagerness of gladness, shame, and penitence for this man.

She would hardly have known him, those years had set so heavily their seal upon him.

His face was fair and full of beauty as it had always been, but there had come upon it a sternness that she never had seen, and his eyes held a look that somehow made her heart sink as she went up to him—half eagerly, half shyly.

"Oh, St. Clair, thank God for to-day, when you can tell me you forgive the awful injury I did you, the awful responsibility you have endured!"

Her cold, fluttering little hands were on his arm, her pitiful, pleading eyes looking in his.

Then he met her glance a second, steadily with that bright, chilling gleam in his own

"Miss Hamilton, five years in a prison cell, sent thither by your sin and your cowardice, have shown me many things in a very different light from that in which I once viewed them. At first, your word to me intoxicated me, and I think I had a foolish sort of pride that it was in my power to suffer for you, and to forgive you. But, Miss Hamilton, five years are a long while, and they robbed me of my courage and romance; they embittered me, soured me, and now——"

Eva clung piteously to his arm, her face white with the agonizing fear that was closing over her

"Oh, St Clair, be merciful! I have loved you patiently, so well, all this awful time of waiting."

He smiled slightly.

"Miss Hamilton, you could never make atonement for what I have lost, and suffered for your evil doing. I have languished in disgrace in a prison cell, when a word of confession to your father would have spared me, and nothing can alter that fact. Nothing can atone for it. Miss Hamilton, this is good bye."

So he went away from her—away where no one had ever heard his name, and grew into positions of trust and honor; and when, in after years of career as a great, good man, he incidentally heard Eva Hamilton mentioned as being a miserable, unhappy woman, eager to command, unable to obtain, the world's homage; he asked himself, did she not deserve it?

While in her own heart she would have answered, with bitterness and disappointment that her sin had come home to her.

FARMING IN HOLLAND.—In the north of Holland the farms are not over a foot above the level of the sea, and some are lower. The land is loose, spongy muck, and is very rich. It is subdivided into small parcels by canals. There are thousands of windmills which are used to pump water all the time. The dwellings are as neat as they possibly can be. They are built in small villages, clustered closely together. The roads are all paved and not a particle of dust is ever seen. They measure distances by the hour, saying that from place to place it is ten hours' walk, four hours by boat, or two hours by rail The houses are built as nicely as any in our cities, about fifty feet square; with about eight feet between joists upon the first floor; all above is used for storing hay. On the side are the stables for the cattle, and they are models of neatness The floors are all paved with stone or brick. In these stables where the cattle are they make butter, cheese, do the washing, ironing and baking and the general household work. It is not an uncommon thing to see hundreds of cheeses there; they weigh about four pounds each. The bedding is always clean and lasts a good while. When the cattle are put into the stable they are put there for the season, and tied with a rope to the corner of the stall. The air there is always chilly, and the cows are blanketed in summer, and of course are warm in their stalls in winter, for fires are quite generally kept burning in two stoves through the coldest of the season. The calves do not need to be covered in summer, because nature has provided a very thick coating of hair for them, and in winter they are sheered.

The most expert lady swimmer at Watch Hill, Rhode Island, is Mrs. Governor Gaffin, who has turned her seventieth year.

DISAPPOINTED.

BY E. L. N.

All alone in my room at last!
I wonder how far they have traveled now;
They'll be very far when the night is past,
And so would I—if I knew but how.
How calm she was with her saintlike face!
Her eyes are violet, mine are blue,
How careless I am with my mother's lace!
Her hands are whiter and softer, too.

They have gone to the city beyond the hill;
They must never come back to this place again,
I'm almost afraid to sit here so still.
If it would but thunder, and lighten and rain!
Oh, no! for someone may not best rest;
Someone, perhaps, is traveling to night,
I hope that the moon may shine instead,
And heaven be starry and earth all bright.

It is only one summer that she's been here;
It has been my home for seventeen years!
And seventeen summers of happy bloom
Fell dead to-night in a rain of tears.
It is dark, a lark in the midnight shades,
Father in Heaven, may I have rest,
One hour of rest for this aching head,
For this throbbing heart in my weary breast!

I loved him more than she understands,
For him I prayed for my soul in truth,
For him I am kneeling with tired hands,
To lay at his feet my shattered youth.
I loved, and I lost; I love him still,
More than father, mother, or life;
My hope of hopes was to bear his name,
My heaven of heavens to be his wife.

His wife! the name that angels breathe,
The words shall not crimson my cheek with shame,
'Twould have been my glory the name to wreath
Of the princely heart from which it came.
And the kiss I gave to the bride to night—
His bride till life and light grow dim—
God only knows how I pressed her lips,
That the kiss to her might be given to him!

A Friendly Pull.

BY R. A. H.

BREAKFAST had just been finished, and Kate Frank and myself were enjoying a homely chat together, enumerating our doings for the day.

Kate was my sister, and the intended wife of Frank. She was a beautiful fresh girl of nineteen.

Frank was my old schoolfellow, and my staunchest friend. He was one of those frank, hearty fellows whom you cannot know without liking; in short, he was my friend, and that implies a great deal.

There is nothing more desirable in this world than a good, staunch friend; one to whom you may open your whole heart without fear that its contents will be published to the inquisitive world.

This is a selfish age, and good friends are scarcities. You who have the good fortune to possess such a friend, cherish him (or her, as the case may be).

It was a fine, bracing spring morning; a sort of morning that puts every individual into good spirits, no matter how dejected and melancholy they be at other times.

"Frank," I exclaimed, "we shall be disengaged for a few hours; suppose we take a row on the lake, just to kill time?"

"The very thing, my boy," replied Frank; "nothing better. I was just thinking of it myself. Kate will join us, of course?"

"Oh, I'm sure Kate will," interposed I. "Why Kate is quite A1 at rowing—quite a professional. What do you say, Kate? Aye or nay?"

"Oh, I dote on rowing," said Kate, enthusiastically; "so you know what my answer is."

"Very well, then," said I. "Suppose you two individuals take a stroll through the park for half an hour,—I know you will have no objection to that,—and at the end of that time suppose you meet near the boat-house. I have a letter to write, which may occupy me about fifteen or twenty minutes."

"Right you are, lad!" said Frank.

Accordingly at the appointed time, we met at the rendezvous, and were soon gliding on the smooth surface of the lake. Kate and I were in one boat. Frank took a canoe, and paddled at the side of us.

We rowed quietly for about a quarter of an hour, joking and talking meanwhile upon indifferent matters, Frank criticising our rowing, and we warmly returning the compliment.

"Kate," said Frank, "you row extremely well for a lady. I should say, now, that in a few weeks you will be able to run a race with one of us, and stand a very fair chance of winning, too. How long do you think you could row at a stretch?"

"Oh, about ten minutes," replied Kate. "But, apropos of racing, suppose we do have a race now, just for a little excitement, you know?"

"Agreed!" cried we unanimously. "What shall the conditions be?"

"Well, let me see," rejoined Kate. "We are two to one; but then Frank has a lighter boat, and can paddle well. Suppose, then, Frank, you take the opposite side of the lake, and give us a start of about ten yards, then we shall be fairly matched."

"Yes," replied Frank; "that will be about a fair match. Where shall the winning post be?"

"That tree which overhangs the lake yonder—do you see it?"

"Yes; that will do splendidly."

"Now, then, Frank," cried I, "paddle back a distance of about ten yards, and when I exclaim 'Off!' up with your paddle, and fly, for I warrant you you'll have your work to do. So—that will do. Now Kate, get ready, and row with all your might, but coolly."

The lake was about fifty yards wide; the distance from the starting point to the goal about half a mile.

Dear Kate! she was destined to experience a little more excitement than she had calculated upon.

We placed ourselves in position, and prepared to strike out.

"Now, then," cried I, "really! One—two—three! Off!"

And off we were, "like a shot," as it is vulgarly termed.

Kate and I rowed coolly for the first two minutes, reserving our strength till later. Frank gained on us, then reached, then passed us.

"Keep cool," said I to Kate in a whisper, "let him tire a bit, and when I say 'Row,' then row your best."

Frank was now about twenty yards ahead. I thought the time had arrived to row properly. "Row!" exclaimed I to Kate, and row we did.

In our excitement we did not look around us. We pulled straight ahead. Frank was taunting us meanwhile—jocularly, of course. We had now been rowing about four minutes, and I knew we were gaining on Frank rapidly. I turned round to see how far he was ahead of us. I did not perceive him, but of this I took no special notice.

I turned a second time, but again discerned him nowhere. Strange! I bade Kate cease rowing, and took a closer scrutiny. I looked on all sides, but Frank was not to be seen. I was about to call him by his name, when suddenly Kate exclaimed:

"Good heavens, Fred, he is in the water! Look—the canoe is bottom upwards! He must be in the water! Frank—Frank! hold to the canoe, and we shall be with you in a second!"

Yes, there was the canoe, as Kate had said, right before us. We were about a hundred yards ahead of it.

To get to it, we must either turn our boat round, or row our boat backwards. At that moment we heard a shriek from the vicinity of the canoe. That shriek I shall remember as long as I live; it pierced my very heart.

"Quick!" said Kate excitedly; "don't wait to turn the boat round! Wheel round on your seat, and row the boat backwards. Quick, or it will be too late!"

There was, of course, no rudder affixed to our boat.

In less time that than it takes to write it, we were round on our seats, and pulling towards the canoe with all our might and main.

Kate that day seemed to possess twice her usual strength.

In about a minute we had reached the canoe; it seemed, in my anxiety and excitement, about an hour.

But, horror! Frank was not clinging to the canoe, as we had fondly hoped.

Our hearts began to fail us—a secret foreboding took hold on us, we began to think that poor Frank must be drowned, and that that terrible shriek must have been his death cry.

"Frank, Frank!" shouted Kate, hysterically; but no Frank responded to her cry.

Frank could not swim, and we were in the midst of the stream.

Kate was looking at the water on the one side of the boat, I on the other.

Suddenly I felt a jerk, almost throwing me off my feet. I soon perceived the cause. Kate had dashed her hand into the water, and was holding Frank by the hair of his head. He had beautiful flaxen curls.

I could not assist her. I knew if I moved from my seat the boat would capsize, and hurl us all into the lake.

"Pull him up with all your strength, Kate," I cried, as I sat balancing the boat.

With a superhuman effort she lifted the apparently lifeless form of Frank from the water. She got him half way over the boat. With another heave he was inside. I thought every moment we should all be in the water.

Kate, overcome by the excitement and her strenuous exertions, fainted away. I laid Frank across the seats. It must have been his third and last time of rising to the surface of the water. He looked perfectly lifeless.

By this time the servants from the Hall, attracted no doubt by that terrible shriek of Frank's, had collected on the bank. I took both oars, and rowed quickly ashore.

I knew that Frank's life depended on the celerity with which I could get him home. In less than half a minute I had reached the bank. They were carried to the house, and medical assistance summoned.

Both Kate and Frank were confined to their rooms for several weeks. They were both in a precarious condition, and Frank's life was even despaired of. But youth is strong and elastic, and they soon recovered.

She was the heroine of that day; and if ever brother was proud of sister, I am proud of Kate.

"Kate," said Frank to her one day, "I shall never know how to repay you for your bravery and courage in risking your life that awful day to save mine. It hung on a thread."

"No, it did not," said Kate, laughingly, as she put her hand to his mouth; "it hung on your hair, for if you had not had such beautiful curls I should have been unable to save you. But as you figuratively say, your life hung on a thread; yet, you must not forget, Frank, that thread was transformed to a cord by Fred. For had he not balanced the boat while I lifted you from the water we should all have been precipitated into the lake. But say no more, dear Frank, for I saved you for myself, and that alone sufficiently repays me for my exertions."

"Fred alone knows how grateful I am to him," said he to me, as he took my hand in a brotherly clasp. But the fact of Frank standing there alone was a sufficient reward for the little aid I had rendered in saving his life.

He has a faint recollection, he says, of the pull at the hair Kate gave him in lifting him from the water; but it was a friendly pull, and a pull that saved his life.

CHINESE CHARMS.—The life of the Celestial is a consisnt warfare against malign influences. His mythology is peopled with evil spirits whose sole mission is to harass him and inflict him in all possible ways. The manner in which these spirits act is not clearly comprehended, but on that account they are all the more to be dreaded. Consequently the Chinaman is constantly put to his stumps to retain his bodily and spiritual integrity, and from the hour of his birth until the valley covers him, eternal vigilance alone preserves him from the power of the fiends. Thus beset behind and before, the philosophical Chinaman has recourse to numberless charms, which seem absurd and laughable to us outside barbarians, but which the experience of ages has shown to be efficacious in the case of poor John. The two colors, red and yellow, are in themselves the most efficacious guards against demoniac spite. Marking the punctuation of a book with red ink will keep evil spirits from the reader; and as these demons will often mutilate helpless children unless duly armed against them, cautious parents stitch red cloth in their pockets, and braid their undeveloped pig tails with red silk. Yellow paper is also efficacious and if burnt, and the ashes mixed with tea or hot water, and drank, will also confuse the fiends. Ancient coins are also very good. They are tied to the wrists of children, and placed under the beds of newly married couples, and if a coin is not convenient, the small end of an old iron ploughshare will do. Iron nails that have been used in sealing coffins are also not amiss, if carried in the pocket or braided into the queue; or they may be beaten into a ring and worn on the finger until the age of sixteen years, after which age a person becomes somewhat more impervious to Satanic influence and more alert to the wily practices of the hobgoblins. Thus far the defensive policy prevails; but there are also provisions whereby one may carry an offensive warfare against the enemy. When a man lies sick in bed, if he will lay about him lustily with a hempen whip and soundly belabor the bed and bedstead, the evil spirits will be glad to make a speedy exit. A picture of a flying tiger is also very discomforting to the spirits; so is a lion grasping a sword, but two lions coming down a hill, with the sun and moon between them, is much better. A cat made of lime and burnt clay, looking at some distant object, has a dispiriting effect upon the goblins, but a plaster lion causes them to tear their shadowy hair. Old fish nets, cut into strips and worn about the waist are good also, for when the fiends attack a person they are likely to get entangled therein and suffer disorganization in getting out again. The shell of a gourd is suspended at the bed of children who have not had the small-pox, because the god of measles—which is one of the Chinaman's interesting divinities—will empty the small-pox into the shell if it be placed convenient to his hand. Still better is it to place an ugly mask upon the child's face, for then the mischievous god concludes that it is useless to waste valuable small pox upon so homely a person, and will therefore pass him by. A mirror will also keep the devil away, for, seeing his own ugliness therein, he is infallibly frightened out of his wits, and runs away to hide in some deep cavern until he recovers from the shock.

Fifty years ago William Lloyd Garrison wrote a letter to a friend, asking a loan of $5 to pay a fine imposed on him for not "training." He says that he is announced to speak on the "Fourth," and that his "knees knock together at the thought of facing so large a concourse;" and he adds: "I expect to get a journeyman's berth immediately after the Fourth; but, if I do not, I shall take the stage to Newburyport, and dig on the case." He was a type-setter then.

Scientific and Useful.

EDUCATIONAL TOURS.—The first steps have been taken in St. Petersburg to form a society for the purpose of providing educational tours for children. It is proposed to send out companies of the children every year, and also parties of young men and women when they have completed their course in the secondary schools, or are following out their studies in the high schools.

SCIENCE AND STREET DIRT.—A solution of chloride of calcium has been used in Rome as a substitute for water in laying dust in the streets. The experiment is said to have given satisfaction. The dampness communicated to the road, instead of disappearing quickly, as is the case when water alone is used, remains for a whole week. The roadway continues damp without being muddy, and neither the wind nor the passing of horses or pedestrians has any effect.

NEW IRON-STEEL COMPOSITION.—A new composition of iron and steel is announced. A cast iron mould is divided into two sections by means of a transverse plate of thin sheet-iron. The two metals are then poured into the respective compartments. The sheet iron partition prevents the mixing of the metals and facilitates the welding by itself being brought into a state of fusion. It is said that the product is well adapted for safes, and that it resists drills.

IRON BUGGIES.—The introduction of iron buggies is now proposed. The inventor has constructed a vehicle which consists exclusively of iron and steel. For instance, in place of hickory spokes and oak felloes, he employs wrought iron tubes and T iron; these tubes fit into the axle box at one end, and are riveted to the T iron at the other. The first noticeable effect of the employment of iron for all parts. The cost also has been enhanced, but for this the augmented strength and durability are regarded as a full equivalent. In appearance it is neat and light.

FIRE GILDED GLASS.—An ingenious substitute for the famous fire-gilded glass of the ancients has recently been invented in England, and is said to equal the best specimens of that wonderful art by means of which glass had gold so worked into it, that many hundreds of years have failed to effect any change or to tarnish the gold. The officers of the British Museum, it is said, so greatly admired the results produced by the new process, that they have accepted specimens for exhibition in that institution. As described, the process consists simply in introducing gold leaf or platinum, into the body of the glass, and amalgamating the precious metal with the latter by means of a blowpipe—an operation which also serves to produce a perfectly indestructable covering to the metal and the designs traced.

IMPROVED MILLING.—In the new process of milling which has come into use with such remarkable results, heating the wheat previous to grinding is an indispensable operation; but artificial means have to be resorted to in order to force the conditions and thus prepare the wheat for milling. Several modes of forcing such conditions have been devised, one of which is that of passing the wheat over a coil of pipe or corrugated cylinder, in the interior of which steam is applied. The application of the heat is recommended just before the wheat enters the millstones, a separate heater being used for each pair of stones. The result of this arrangement and operation is found to be the driving of the moisture contained in the inner substance of the wheat more or less into the bran, which is thus toughened, while the flour is left to dry, its color being improved, and its condition, is more favorable for packing and shipping.

Farm and Garden.

FACTS.—Hogs may be kept from measles, trichinosis, etc., by mixing a handful of good wood ashes with their food twice a week. For throat distemper in a horse, grate fine a small green wild turnip, or, if dry, give a heaping spoonful, mixed with bran or oats. It never fails. Good for cough, also.

TO DESTROY WEEVILS.—The following has been recommended as a remedy to destroy weevils: Put a number of gallons of petroleum upon the floors and in the crevices of boards and timber; also scatter several sacks of rock salt on the floor.

A CHEAP FERTILIZER.—Good hen manure from fowls which have been liberally fed is worth as much as guano. It should be put into barrels as soon as taken up from the chicken house, kept in a dry place till wanted, a little plaster mixed with it, and before using pound up fine. Apply it the same as guano.

TOBACCO FOR VERMIN.—A person who has tried it, says that a handful of tobacco stems placed in the box in which the dog sleeps will entirely rid him of fleas, and that a leaf or two of the same weed put in a setting hen's nest keeps vermin at a respectful distance. These are two more things tobacco is good for.

CLOVER AND WHEAT.—The *Rural New Yorker* says that ten acres of good clover is worth more than so much wheat if the value of wheat in the ground by the clover is taken into account. When a crop of wheat is taken, the ground is exhausted of so much of its fertility, and is carried off in the wheat; but when a crop of clover is taken, the soil is actually in better condition than before, and is good enough to yield a crop of wheat or corn.

THE CABBAGE WORM.—Says an old farmer, I will give you a sure remedy for the cabbage worm: Make a strong solution of lime water; pour it over the cabbage in the evening; if the lime water is made strong there will be no live worms left that the water touches. Last fall I had a nice crop of cabbage infested with the worms. After trying all other remedies I could think of, I resorted to the lime water, and, to tell the truth, expected to find my cabbage cooked next morning; but I was agreeably disappointed to find the cabbage green and bright, and the worms lying all over the patch dead.

A GOOD COW.—A good cow will make two hundred pounds of butter in a season, and the skim milk, fed to thirty pigs, will grow two hundred pounds of dressed pork; or the same skim milk fed to a calf will put on at least two hundred pounds of live weight. A good steer fed in the ordinary way will dress eight hundred to one thousand pound pounds at four years, having grown on the average two hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds of meat each year, whereas the cow has made two hundred pounds of butter, and the return of her milk has produced nearly as much meat in pork or growth of young beef in the calf as the average growth of a steer for a year.

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LIVING IN QUIET.

A RULE for living happily with others is to avoid having stock subjects of disputation. It mostly happens, when people live much together, that they come to have certain set topics, around which, from frequent dispute, there is such a growth of angry words, mortified vanity, and the like, that the original subject of difference becomes a standing subject for quarrel, and there is a tendency in all minor disputes to drift down to it. Again, if people wish to live well together, they must not hold too much to logic and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason. Dr. Johnson saw this clearly with regard to married people, when he said, "Wretched would be the pair, above all names of wretchedness, who should be doomed to adjust by reason, every morning, all the minute details of a domestic day." But the application should be much more general than he made it. There is no time for such reasonings, and nothing that is worth them. And, when we recollect how two lawyers or two politicians can go on contending, and that there is no end of one sided reasoning on any subject, we shall not be sure that such contention is the best mode for arriving at truth. But certainly it is not the way to arrive at good temper.

No trait of character is more valuable in a wife than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn out by the toils of the day, and how sweet is a word dictated by a sweet disposition! It is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the mind of the whole family. When it is found in the wife and mother, you observe kindness and love predominating over the natural feelings of a bad heart. Smiles, and kind words characterise the children, and peace and love have their dwelling there. Study, then, to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold. It captivates more than beauty, and to the close of life retains all its freshness and power.

Few have sufficient respect for habit—the ease with which it may be formed—the difficulty with which it can be broken—the magical power with which it smoothes the rough path of duty, and enables us to look with indifference upon the allurements of the world. It is a kind of shield, which the fingers of a boy may, at first, weave of threads light as gossamer, and which yet grows into the strength of steel. By its aid the greatest things are accomplished. The cultivation of proper habits should be impressed on the young. Isolated acts are of little comparative importance. In short, a correct habit of living is principle, without which no one can be happy.

None so little enjoy life, and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do. The active only have the true relish of life. He who knows not what it is to labor, knows not what it is to enjoy. Recreation is only valuable as it unbends us. The idle know nothing of it. It is exertion that renders rest delightful, and sleep sweet and undisturbed. The happiness of life depends on the regular prosecution of some laudable purpose or calling which engages, helps, and enlivens all our powers.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE Princess of Wales, who is the acknowledged leader of fashion in England, wears a red rose just below her left ear, looking as if it had fallen on her high white ruche.

—

THE reports received at the Department of Agriculture show that previous estimates of the wheat, cotton and other crops in some sections of the country have not been maintained, but the general average continues very promising. Here and there only partial crops can be expected, but as a rule the harvests will no doubt be as bountiful as usual.

—

THE English Society of Friends has just issued a minute of solemn "protest against the flagrant violation of the Divine law involved in the aggressive war undertaken against the Zulu people." Emphatic dissent is expressed from the view that such wars may be extenuated as opening the way for the promulgation of the Gospel. On the contrary, the Quakers believe that "missionary enterprise is greatly retarded by the warlike action of civilized nations towards the heathen races."

—

AN Old Maid's Association in Cleveland is not a striking success. Though it has enacted awful laws against the marriage of any member, under which the offender is liable to be branded on the sole of the right foot with the mystic letter U D I—probably standing for U've Done It, or for Unfaithful Daughter of Iniquity—still the celibate law is constantly broken. Even the president of the society has been impeached and publicly reproved for marrying, and there are some wholesome signs that the association will collapse.

—

THERE is little hope for unfortunate Memphis, and the disease may now be regarded as epidemic. The situation is gloomy enough for those who have investments in the plague stricken city, who cannot get away except at the sacrifice of all their earthly possessions; but it is still worse for those who are too poor to leave, and who are obliged to remain and face the pestilence out of sheer inability to pay for their transportation to some other place or to subsist themselves while away from their homes. Unless the plague is speedily stayed there must be an appeal to the North for aid.

—

IT is said that the most remarkable social feature of the present season at Long Branch is the development of caste, to which development the season of '79 seems to have been remarkably favorable. Castes are now three in number, viz: "cottage residents," "hotel guests," and "excursionists." These social or rather unsocial lines are becoming apparent to even a careless observer, and many amusing incidents occur when people of the third caste, "excursionists," are betrayed by ignorance or indifference into introducing themselves on the domain of the "hotel guests" or the "cottage residents."

—

THE Nihilist propaganda in Russia is reduced to all sorts of expedients to defeat the vigilance of the police. There was a time when prohibited journals and tabooed manuscripts could get across the frontier in cotton bales or in plaster busts of the Czar. The revolutionists have, therefore, been fain to seek for something better, and being men of inventive minds have found it in sardines. Sardine boxes may be weighed and charged for, but they cannot be opened, and this delightful little fish has become an instrument of sedition so formidable that it is seriously a question of a prohibitory ukase upon them.

—

THE machinery lately brought to Fernandina, Florida, by Professor Loomis, for the preparation of palmetto fiber, is working satisfactorily, and the experiment is an assured success. The stalks of the scrub palmetto are used. It is said that the fiber is likely to prove useful for cordage, paper, tubs, pails, flour barrels, boats, powder kegs, and no end of other articles of general use. A portion of the fiber shipped to paper mills is intended for the manufacture of a high grade paper to be used by the Canadian Government in the printing of bank notes. Ultimately it is said, the various grades of paper fiber will be made into pulp in Florida.

—

"BREAKFASTS" are fashionable substitutes for luncheons this year. They are given at 10 o'clock; the same table is elaborately dressed with flowers, and fruits in great variety are served. Eight to ten courses are usually served, and often no wine is used. The ladies wear pretty morning toilettes, and after an early cup of coffee and roll these breakfasts are very palatable, especially when given in a Newport dining-room looking seaward, or out on to a lovely green lawn. Hot house peaches sell rapidly at 75 cents apiece, and hot house grapes at $1 50 a pound. It is said to be quite *en regle*, at these Newport breakfasts or luncheons, to turn your plate over and study its marks, for the rarest of china is used.

—

THE Hungarians have hit upon a graceful way of showing their gratitude to the French for the money collected at the Paris Opera *fete* for the benefit of Szegedin. They have organized a grand *fete champetre* on the "Margarethen Insel" for the benefit of the families of the sailors who went down on board the French ship Arrogante. The Margarethen Insel is a charming island half a mile above the grand suspension bridge connecting Buda and Pesth. It has been most tastefully laid out, no expense having been spared in coaxing exotic trees, shrubs and flowers to flourish there. Unfortunately, however, the rising of the Danube lays the island under water every two or three years.

—

THE resources of an individual do not consist solely of the few hundreds or thousands of dollars that he may chance to possess, and which may or may not be invested to their full amount in his legitimate business. An energetic and competent man has a real capital aside from his mere money investments. His cash capital is only auxiliary to his acquaintance with the traffic in which he is engaged and the spirit and energy he manifests in turning his means to proper account. The fertility of invention displayed in all the various branches of industry assist greatly in keeping the wheels of commerce in motion. This shares in an equal degree with money the honor of building up monuments that everywhere bespeak man's progress and improvement.

—

THE Medical Committee, which recently made an examination of the health of the school children in Providence, hold that pupils are taken too young; that the vitiated air of the school-rooms causes consumption; that epidemic diseases are caught there; that the premature development of the brain causes nervous diseases; that the young minds are crammed with unintelligible studies, and that the method is too artificial. The committee hold that children should not be admitted to school under the age of seven, and that the hours of confinement and mental effort should be shortened. Children in primary schools should not be confined to their seats more than twenty minutes at a time, at the end of which they should enjoy an equal period of recreation out of doors or in doors.

—

EVEN old fruit cans have their use and can be utilized in the following manner: The can is prepared with one or more pin holes and then sunk in the earth near the roots of the strawberry, or tomato or other plants. The pin holes are to be of such size that when the can is filled with water the fluid can only escape into the ground very slowly. Thus a quart can, properly arranged, will extend its irrigation to the plant through a period of several days—the can is then refilled. Practical trials of this method of irrigation leave no doubt of its success. Plants thus watered flourish and yield the most bounteous returns throughout the longest draughts. In all warm localities, where water is scarce, the planting of old fruit cans, as here indicated, will be found profitable as a regular gardening operation. A hint to the wise is sufficient.

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ACCORDING to the London *Lancet* it is, doubtless, in the first instance, as the cause of a local skin disease, that paper collars prepared with arsenic in some form are deleterious; but when once the cuticle has been removed the toxic effects may become general, because the absorption is then very likely to take place, and the whole system may be poisoned. It is impossible that arsenious acid can be used unwittingly. As a matter of fact, white paper is often prepared with this poison, and if it is brought into close contact with any absorptive surface evil consequences may ensue. It is time that the process of manufacture should be placed under official inspection, if, for the sake of cheapness or to give artificial lustre to their goods, makers will use dangerous dyes and dressings, regardless of everything but their own commercial success.

—

THE birds of paradise unite all the modes of ornamentation in the highest degree, and with the most harmonious results. They join the graceful plumes of the ostrich to the dainty coloring of the sun-bird. Crests almost as largely developed as that of the umbrella-bird overshadow their beautiful heads; frills as full as those of the humming-birds fall down in metallic splendor before their gorgeous necks. And if any proof be wanting of the connection between the nature of the food and the general beauty of the plumage, it may be found in the fact that these royally-attired creatures are first cousins of our own dingy crows and jackdaws; but while the crow seeks his livelihood among the insects and carrion of a plowed field, the bird of paradise regales his lordly palate on the crimson and purple fruits which gleam out amid the embowering foliage of Malayan forests.

—

THE Suez canal, which at first was looked upon as a hazardous undertaking and likely to be a great incumbrance to the Egyptian Government, has turned out to be a most profitable investment. From 1870 the revenues have increased from $1 000,000 to $7,000 000 last year. The shares of the company, the par value of which was $100 at one time sunk to $20. Five years after the opening of the canal, when Mr Disraeli bought 176 602 of the original 400 000 shares for the British Government, the price rose to $114. Now the stock is $144 with fair prospects of advancing to $200. The trade on the canal is constantly increasing. It is the thoroughfare between Europe and British India, China, Japan and the islands of the Indian ocean. By means of this canal the West and East are brought into near relations, and the civilization of the former is able to exercise a proper influence on the latter.

—

ANOTHER very decided step was taken on Saturday toward the building of the Panama Canal, being that of placing on deposit with the agent of the Colombian Government in London the sum of 900 000 francs required by the terms of the concession as surety that the work will be performed. This prompt production of so considerable a sum at so early a stage of the enterprise betokens a wholesome financial vitality that is the best earnest of future success. There has been no reason for doubting at any time since the Congress closed, that M. de Lesseps would eventually make good his promises, but from the energetic way in which he is setting about their fulfillment, and from the evidence now given that his money-backing is in a fair way of being forthcoming as it is required, there is good ground for believing that he will be even better than his word.

—

RAILWAY risks from color blindness have attracted much attention of late, and a system of railway signals, using bars at different angles, has been proposed as a substitute for color-signals. Dr Garretson, of Philadelphia, calls attention to a new source of danger from such signals, arising from the great frequency of the optical defect known as astigmatism. This condition exists in irregularities of the refracting media of the eye, and is a defect so common as to be met with very much more frequently than color-blindness, the evils of which are sought to be remedied. The eye affected with astigmatism sees bars or lines with clearness only when these are at certain planes with the horizon; lines or bars at other planes it sees dimly or not at all. An astigmatic pair of eyes, having the bar signals alone for a guide, would certainly wreck the train under their direction. If the new system be adopted, railway officials will owe it to the community, and for the protection of the company against damages from accidents, to submit every employee for examination by competent surgeons. Accidents arising out of such neglect would assuredly be without excuse.

O, GIVE ME ONE TRUE HEART!

BY E. C.

O, give me one true heart! I crave
No other boon than this,
To know affection's tender wiles,
And all its joy and bliss—
On some fond, faithful heart to lean
This weary head of mine,
And then forget the woes of earth,
And all its cares resign.

I do not know if in this world
There is another soul
Which feels the wild and wayward grief
That o'er my own doth roll;
For even when they deem me gay,
Because my laugh is light,
My spirit's lost within itself,
In solemn, starless night!

The young and glad I often meet
In joyous, cheerful throngs,
And sometimes do I join my voice
With their free, youthful songs.
The tones are joyous—what care they
If lonely is my heart?
They cannot sympathize with all
Its hopes from them apart.

My years are few, and yet my life
Has been one lonely dream,
From which I oft awake, and strive
To *be* and not to *seem!*
'Tis all in vain—at home, abroad,
In cottage or in mart,
I live, and move, and feel the want
Of one true, constant heart.

Sara's Sweetheart.

BY C. C.

CHAPTER I.

"DON'T go yet, Sara,—I want to talk to you."

I shut the door, and came back to my seat opposite my mother.

"This is the last opportunity I shall have of talking to you, my dear, and there is something I must say before you go."

There was an expression of troubled perplexity on my mother's face as she drew her chair nearer the fire.

It was very late,—past eleven o'clock: but early the next morning I was going from home to spend a few weeks at Frog'smere Manor, the seat of our wealthy uncle, Charles Blamford, Esq., who, being at all other times much too grand to show us the light of his countenance, thought proper, this particular Autumn, to invite me and my sister Flora to spend a short time at the Manor.

The Blamfords of Frog'smere were my father's relations; and very unpleasant ones we had hitherto found them, inasmuch as, considering my father to have done the family a great wrong by marrying my mother, they turned their backs upon him from that day.

My father had been dead four years at this time, and a hard four years they had been for us. Not that we had ever been rich, for my father belonged to that most unhappy class of men, a younger son of a poor but noble house, who cannot work, and to beg are ashamed. To give a *multum in parvo* description of ourselves, I should tell you we were poor and proud; that is, our father was, and we girls, following in his steps, were proud too. Our mother, who was the daughter of a country curate, and my only brother, who followed in her steps, were quite different; and I am afraid we led her a sad life before father died. We were too proud to walk three miles to church every Sunday, and too poor to keep any kind of carriage, so we stopped at home. That was only one of many such afflictions in our domestic affairs. But about a year before my father died my brother George took upon himself to express very decided opinions concerning his future; and, after a good deal of skirmishing with his father, he obtained a reluctant consent to go and try his fortunes in Australia. I don't think he succeeded very well, for the few letters we received from him were rather vague and unsatisfactory. Poor George found his fortune long in coming, it would seem. Of late years we had fewer letters than ever, and these only contained affectionate inquiries and remembrances, not touching on himself or his affairs.

My mother and I kept a little day school between us, and let half of our house. In my leisure hours I drew water color sketches, which I was often fortunate enough to dispose of at an artist's repository. We might have done very well but for some heavy bills incurred before my father died. The payment of these drained our purses of all our earnings. My father's little income ceased with his life.

Flora was still at school, where, by giving part of her time as governess to the younger pupils, she received finishing lessons in numerous accomplishments. Flora was very clever, and her whole soul was bound up in study. Lately she had been grieving because we could not afford to give her a year at a first class German academy, whither one of her class-mates intended going in the Spring. But this anticipated visit had put the German academy quite out of Flora's head for a time. She had been sitting on the rug all the evening with the kitten in her lap, and chattering so energetically that my mother had not been able to get a word into the conversation, though I had guessed there was something on her mind. I was not, therefore, at all surprised when she asked me to sit a little longer after Flora had wished us good-night.

"Sara," said my mother, solemnly, as I resumed my seat, "you are all I have, my dear, in the shape of a companion: for dear Flo is such a child, and poor George is scarcely like one of us at all."

Here my mother paused, and sighed deeply. I remained silent.

"I don't know how to begin what I want to say, Sara," she continued, looking up at me. "It is about Flo."

"Well, mamma?" I said, rather astonished.

"Don't you think it would be a good thing if we could get her married, Sara? I thought that if your Cousin Guy sees Flora, he might——"

"Fall in love with her?" I said. "Oh mamma! forgive me; it is so improbable."

"Not at all, Sara," said she. "Flora is as well born as Guy, and a remarkably pretty girl besides. As to money, he has enough and to spare. It would be quite a likely thing."

"Too good to be thought of," I said.

"And I was going to tell you, Sara," resumed my mother, more quietly, "that I don't want to see you a matchmaker, dear; but if anything should give you a reason to suspect Guy and Flora of having a liking for one another, just help it on by any means in your power. So much depends upon a trifle in such cases sometimes."

"I see, mamma. I am to be a sort of silent observer and go-between."

"And, oh Sara!" exclaimed my mother, suddenly with a face of concern, "I do hope that——"

"That I shan't fall in love with Guy myself—eh, mamma?"

"Not exactly that, dear, but with any one else: especially with any one not well off. You will meet a good many people, I expect. For what should I do without you, Sara? I entreat you to be very careful."

"Yes, mamma," I said, gravely enough now; "and you may rest assured that I will never leave you, to marry a prince. While, at the same time, I am far too practical, too mercenary, to allow my affections to settle on any one in that delightful social position known by the name of 'genteel poverty.'"

"You have had enough of that, my poor darling," said my mother, with a smile and a little sigh. "I shall get up to see you off, Sara; and your box is already corded; so I shall send you to bed."

CHAPTER II.

WHEN I first set my foot on the threshold of Frog'smere Manor House, it seemed to me like the entrance to a region hitherto unknown to my experience. How different to the mean little entrance of my own home were the massive portals of this old mansion, the wide hall, brilliantly lighted and warm, the glowing carpet on the staircase, and the graceful figures of my elegantly attired aunt and cousins, who had thronged to meet me with a cordiality I scarcely expected.

I was alone, too; Flora had still a week of her term to expire before she could be at liberty to join me. This I had before explained by letter to my relations, therefore no one else was expected.

Of my cousins I will briefly speak. The eldest was Guy, who was very unlike what I had pictured him, being a grave, gentlemanly man, of about thirty, instead of the perfumed, languid young collegian I had expected to see. Marion was the next. She was graceful, and moderately pretty, besides being more than usually amiable. Then came Wilfrid, who was a Navy lieutenant, at present away on a Mediterranean cruise; and the fourth, and last, my namesake, Sara, who was the beauty of the family.

I was not neglected; but, supposing me to be rather tired with my travelling, my cousins abstained from teasing me with talking, or requests for music. Uncle Blamford sat by me most of the time, and when he left me my cousin Guy came up and took the vacant place. I resolved to pave a golden way for Flora by sounding her praises as much as possible in all the conversations I might have with him.

Guy asked me if I was a good actress; and I said, modestly, that I had never taken any part in drawing room plays.

"You must certainly try," said Guy. "My sisters are very fond of private plays. They are getting some up now, and we shall want rather a large staff."

Here was an opportunity!

"Then," said I, "Flora will be some help, for she often assists in the historical plays the young ladies perform at the school she attends. My sister Flora is very clever."

Guy smiled, and said he did not doubt it; and in all our conversations I managed to turn the subject to Flora's benefit, but with very questionable wisdom, it must be confessed. I doubt much whether my sister would have thanked me.

The play selected was "Kenilworth," Sara was to play Elizabeth, and Marion said I might take Amy Robsart; but I declined, and proposed Flora, as I guessed Guy was to play Leicester. "It will bring them together famously," thought I.

The next day at luncheon I was rather surprised to see a gentleman opposite me, sitting beside my Cousin Sara. At first I guessed it must be Wilfrid, but I thought he was younger. Then, with my usual straightforward impulsiveness, I asked Marion, who sat next to me, who he was. She looked rather surprised.

"That is Cyril Anesley," she said; "Captain Anesley."

"Who is Captain Anesley?" I persevered, for something I could not explain had aroused my curiosity.

"He is Sara's sweetheart," said Marion, laughingly.

"Is Sara engaged?" said I, surprised in my turn.

"Yes," said Marion. "Did you not know it?"

"How long?" I asked, in the same tone.

"Ages," replied Marion. "They will not be married till Sara comes of age, and gets her fortune, for he is poor at present; but he has very good expectations. He will be his uncle's heir, old Mr. Anesley. You must have heard of him, Sara—he is the member of Windom, immensely rich, and a bachelor. You will see him,—he is coming here after next week to visit papa, before we return to town."

"Guy is more suitable," I said.

"Guy hardly ever performs," said Marion; "he is not a good actor, but a capital judge and critic."

CHAPTER III.

ALL the mornings, when the weather was fine, we spent in riding; and, under Guy's tuition, I soon learned to manage a horse well. Guy was generally my cavalier, Uncle Blamford rode with Marion, and Captain Anesley with Sara.

Often I found myself watching this pair curiously; for, beyond the usual courtesy between a lady and a gentleman, there existed nothing in the captain's behavior to denote the lover, nor in Sara's to resemble that of his *fiancee*. They were scrupulously courteous, and scrupulously cold, yet no quarrel had ever occurred between them.

Sara seldom evinced any liveliness in the preparation for amusement or festivity, save overweening anxiety concerning her attire. She was a thorough actress, and threw more animation into her performance than I thought her capable of. I could not say so much for the captain; he was decidedly apathetic.

At the end of a week Flora arrived. Marion had reserved the *role* of Amy Robsart for her, and Flo set to work upon it immediately, as the rest were already nearly perfect in their parts. Flora was in her element, and I had never seen her look so beautiful; happiness lent a glow to her cheek and a sparkle to her eye. I darted frequent glances at Guy, to see whether he wore the same spectacles that I did, but I always failed to penetrate his thoughts. The expression on his sedate face, while in repose, was unreadable.

A good many guests came to the Manor during the shooting season, at the expiration of which my uncle's family usually left Frog'smere to spend Christmas in town; most of them were aristocratic friends of my aunt's.

At last the night of the play arrived. I was dressed early and assisted my aunt in receiving the guests, as the rest were all fully occupied in the green-room.

Most of the people had arrived. My aunt's feathers were nodding energetically as she conversed with a little knot of dowagers on the sofa.

"Come with me, Sara," whispered Guy, over my shoulder.

I rose and took his proffered arm. He conducted me across the hall, and into a little room communicating by a door with the aforesaid green room. Half of the door was glass, which was covered with a red moreen curtain.

"See here," said Guy, laughingly, as he drew the curtain slightly aside.

There was a considerable noise going on within, and a comical scene met our eyes.

The performers, full of nervous eagerness, were having a hurried rehearsal. Their costumes were more peculiar than beautiful—Flora alone being fully attired in a velvet dress, with lace ruffles. Leicester was performing with apathy, and appeared equally indifferent to the charms of the queen Amy. This struck me at the time vaguely; very soon afterwards it came back to me forcibly. I looked and laughed at the disorderly scene.

"How well our Amy looks!" remarked Guy.

"Does she not? The blue becomes Flora," I said, approvingly, for I thought that Guy's obduracy towards Flora was beginning to melt before her beauty. "I knew you would think so."

Guy turned his grave eye on me, and dropped the curtain.

"Sara," he said suddenly, "you seem annoyed that I do not sufficiently appreciate your sister; but you are to blame for it. I have no eyes for Flora when you are present."

This little tirade took me rather by surprise, and I dropped my corner of the red curtain to look at him. Guy appeared unusually agitated. "You guess what I mean, Sara," he said; "will my cousin be my wife?"

Then—how or why I could not tell—there came to me suddenly a knowledge that I loved!—not this man, but another;—that other who was betrothed to my cousin Sara. I was neither confused nor agitated; and I think my voice must have been clear and hard when I replied, for Guy's face was so sad.

"I cannot, Guy," I said; "do not ask me."

"That is all, Sara," said he.

He walked away slowly, and left me there.

The play was over, and there was much noise and applause; then some one proposed dancing, and very soon I found myself dancing with the gayest of them, for I thought it would be a good thing to deceive others, and myself too, if I could.

I waltzed two or three times with Captain Anesley, and I pulled bonbons with him, both of us laughing gaily, as if we were light hearted enough. I was deceiving him, and he was deceiving me,—that is, we were trying to do so. I thought I could guess now why he had been so apathetic and listless. He had not been so blind to his own heart as I had been. Long ago I had discovered that he did not love Sara; now I knew that he loved me, and the knowledge filled my heart with secret joy, and my soul with deep sorrow.

CHAPTER IV.

A few days after, there came for Cyril Anesley a letter. It was at breakfast when he received it, and he smiled as he broke the seal.

"It is from my uncle, sir," he said to Uncle Blamford. "I suppose he writes to tell me to expect him."

He began perusing the letter,—many at the table were also reading their letters. I, among others, was reading one from my mother, when I caught the tones of Captain Anesley's voice, speaking to my uncle. The tones were somewhat strange, and his face was flushed. I noted this, for I had glanced up quickly.

"Mr. Anesley bids me tell you, sir, he will be happy to accept your invitation, and will come to-morrow." Then, with evident embarrassment, the captain went on to say, "My uncle informs me, sir, that he is married; so his wife will accompany him."

Every one at the table was looking curiously at the speaker. Some few—myself among them—knew how keenly the marriage affected him. From looking with intense interest at his face, I next turned my eyes to his betrothed wife. The tidings had affected her seriously. She appeared to be smothering her feelings as well as she could, but she did not succeed very well.

Perhaps it was my fancy, but, from that moment I thought that Uncle Blamford's manner lost some of its cordiality to Captain Anesley, and my heart throbbed with indignation many times that day at seeing Sara's coolness to him.

He did not appear so much cast down at his bad prospects as one would have imagined; but I overheard an old lady saying to my aunt that she believed he would do something desperate before long—take to drinking or gaming—perhaps even blow out his brains; and Aunt Blamford held up her hands, and screamed a little, lady-like scream.

This made me feel very uncomfortable. How I pitied him! How I yearned to comfort him! I dared not own, even to myself, how much I loved him.

The next afternoon, as I sat with Sara reading, while she sewed, in her own cosy sitting-room, the door opened and Cyril Anesley walked in. He came straight up to Sara and stood at the side of her chair.

"Sara," he said, quietly, "I am come to ask you if this affair is to make any difference in our engagement? I think it right to ask you this, now that my prospects are so altered."

She looked coldly at him with her beautiful eyes, in which no shadow of pity or sympathy had any place.

"I must refer you to my father, Captain Anesley."

"No, Sara," he said, firmly; "it is your decision only I require. It will be time enough to consult your father when I have learnt your determination."

"I do not think you can reasonably expect, considering all the circumstances——" she began, and even her hard voice faltered.

"That is sufficient. Thank you," he said, proudly, and he left the room.

I felt very uncomfortable at having been a witness to this little scene; but so quickly had it passed that I had scarcely time to think of retiring before it was all over. As

the door closed Sara looked at me, and our eyes met.

"I could not, you know," she said, with a smile. "Poor fellow, I'm sure I felt very sorry, but no one in my position can be expected to sacrifice herself in that way; can she, Sara?"

"That depends on one's opinion," I said, dryly; "some people might not consider it a sacrifice, you know."

Sara glanced at the large mirror, as if to consider the amount of beauty that might have been thrown away on a penniless captain of dragoons. She turned away with a satisfied smile.

That afternoon Marion came to me, and asked if I should mind a walk.

"No, indeed," I said; "I shall be glad of a walk."

"It is a long way, Sara, over the East Hill to Beckhurst," she said. "I am going to take some presents to a poor person who lives there. I should not have asked you, but not a single servant can be spared to accompany me, and I cannot go alone."

I hastened to get my things on, and by three o'clock we started, carrying a couple of baskets, containing Marion's bounty.

It was a dark, cold afternoon, about the beginning of November, and we had three to walk. As we crossed the rough ridges called the East Hill, it began snowing.

"I don't suppose it will be anything," said Marion, "and we shall be home in time for dinner."

We stayed in the village longer than we ought to have done, and it was past five when we started for home. It had continued to snow steadily for an hour and a half. It was lying in thick drifts; and, besides this, it was getting very dark.

"I wish we had not come," said my cousin, uneasily. "Shall we go back to the village, and stay with Mrs. Pym all night, Sara?"

I said "Yes," gladly, for I felt terrified at the work before us.

The path was all new to me; I trusted entirely to Marion's knowledge; and when we had traveled some distance over the hills I was rather surprised that she suddenly came to a stand still.

"Why, where can the gate be?" she said, in a puzzled voice.

"What gate?" I asked.

"The gate," she said; "there ought to be one here. Don't you remember passing through it as we came?"

"Yes, I remember," I said.

"Oh Sara, Sara," wailed my cousin, "we have lost the way!" and she began to sob and cry.

I did not cry, but I was completely overwhelmed with dismay.

"Don't cry, Marion," I said, looking at the dim outlines of the ridges through the darkness. "If we have lost the way we must find it again."

We trudged resolutely on, ankle deep in snow, and, after about half an hour's wandering in various directions, we once more stood still. Marion's tears were still flowing.

"Oh Sara," she said, "we shall be frozen to death!—and it is my fault. What shall we do?"

I tried to soothe the timid girl, but my teeth were chattering woefully, and I felt the tears freeze on my cheeks.

How long was passed weeping and wandering I know not; but, after a time, there came upon us a feeling of numbness and deadly faintness. I had often read and been told how fatal it is when thus situated to yield to this feeling,—yet I was powerless to resist it; and almost simultaneously my cousin and I sank down together. I said a few words of prayers to myself, and then a confused ringing sounded in my ears, mingled with the loud barking of a dog, and the shouting of men's voices, one of whom I knew.

"Here they are! Hurrah! Thank Heaven! We are not too late."

I saw a flash of a lantern in my eyes, then I was lifted in a pair of strong arms, and borne swiftly along.

"Is it Sara?" said a voice close to my ear; and I answered, in a faint whisper, "Yes."

Marion told me after that she had no recollections of being found; but I had not entirely lost all consciousness myself.

Guy and Captain Anesley, with two menservants and the dogs, had found us. They carried us some distance to the lodge, and there we were warmed and tended by the keeper's wife, while the servants returned to the Manor for a vehicle.

It was nine o'clock when we were fairly at home. Beyond a feeling of great weariness that evening, we felt no ill effects from our adventure.

The next morning every one turned out for a ride with the dogs, it being a beautiful day in spite of the thaw. I did not want to go, so I hid myself in the library, and prepared for a long morning of quiet reading.

When one calculates on a pleasure of this sort, one seldom gets it. Soon after I was seated another truant walked in in the shape of Captain Anesley.

"How are you after your narrow escape last night?" he said, standing on the rug opposite me.

I told him I was pretty well, and thanked him for coming to find us.

"Don't speak of it," he said, quickly. "You do not need telling that. I would do much more than that for a less pleasure than I experienced last night."

I did not quite know what he meant, but I felt annoyed that the color came in my cheeks.

Captain Anesley came one step forward on the rug.

"Sara," he said, and I caught the ring of pain in his tone; "you have seen how a woman has cast me off for my lack of gold. I dare say you know how I stand; I haven't a halfpenny but my pay, and no expectations whatever; yet,—knowing you know all this, Sara,—I dare to tell you that I love you."

Yes, it was only the lips sealing the assurance of the eyes. I had dimly known all this before, now I knew it for a reality. I hesitated a moment, then I told him the truth, that I had promised my mother never to leave her, for she had no one in the world but Flora and me, and that we were very poor—poorer even than he was, for woman's labor is but little paid. All this I said, while tears of shame dimmed my eyes.

"And do you think for all this I love you less?" said Captain Anesley, taking my hands in his own tenderly. "Sara, I never loved before. I don't think that you have either. Must we part?"

"Yes," I answered, sorrowfully; "I cannot desert my mother."

Then, like all lovers, my lover talked heroically of braving poverty; but I shook my head, for I had known—better than he had ever known—how bitter poverty was; and I thought, too, of poor mamma left all alone at home, nursing her visions of brightness.

"Oh Sara, my darling, only be mine," he pleaded, earnestly; then the next moment he passionately exclaimed, "If she is a good mother, she will not take our happiness from us."

At last I yielded a little.

"Cyril," I said, "let me at least wait until I go home. I will then tell my mother how it is, and she shall decide. I do not fear to abide by her decision, for she loves me, and would make any sacrifice for me."

Then we parted, and I thought it was well that I had not yielded further; it would be so much easier to write the sad refusal than to say it. I knew it would be a refusal, for I did not mean to let my mother make any sacrifice whatever for me, and I found it so hard to withstand his passionate appeals. I could not trust myself to hold out.

The following evening Cyril Anesley went away. He kissed me as though he had a dim foreboding of sorrow in store.

"It is my last kiss," I thought, bitterly. "No man shall ever again kiss me so, and I know he never will."

CHAPTER V.

MR. ANESLEY, M. P., had married the only daughter of a rich surgeon. She was a pretty and lively young lady, about four-and-twenty, very fond of her husband, who was very fond of her.

I did not like Mr. Anesley. I conceived that he had done Cyril a great wrong in leading him to believe that he would inherit his wealth, and then in his old age forming a new alliance. Beyond this cause of complaint I had no reason to dislike him, and I believe he looked upon me with great favor; this I inferred from several kind little attentions he paid me before I left the Manor, at the end of my brief but eventful visit. This I did one week after Cyril Anesley's departure. Uncle Blamford pressed Flora to remain a few days longer; and as one of us would suffice to cheer my mother's loneliness, I gave my consent to the plan; for, truth to tell, I rather wanted to return alone and tell her all my sorrows.

* * * * *

I was at home. The fly stopped with a jerk that nearly jolted me out of my seat, quite three doors lower down than our house. That did not matter. I alighted and paid the man his fare, then I walked slowly up to the well known door.

There was no need to knock, the door was seldom fastened. I closed it after me, and opened that of the little sitting-room.

I had expected to find my mother alone, sitting as she loved to sit, in the dusky light; but the sight that met my eyes was so startling that I stood as one petrified.

A stranger sat by her side, a tall man, broad built and bronzed. One arm was round my mother's waist, and they were holding close converse. When her eyes fell upon me my mother sprang up joyfully.

"Come and kiss him Sara; it is George. It is your own brother come back. Oh Sara, my darling!"

She fell upon my neck, weeping; and I, too overwrought to speak, stood silent.

After tea we gathered round the fire; and as we sat, something prompted me to speak, and tell them all my trouble. I told it: I hid nothing from them. Not one whit of my folly or weakness did I attempt to conceal; and in the pause that succeeded I wept freely. Then, lay his hand gently on my head, my brother spoke kindly, and tenderly.

"Little sister," said he, "dry your tears, for I too, have something to tell."

I lifted my face, looking wonderingly at him.

"Seven years ago," he continued, "I left England with something less than ten pounds in my pocket, and a heart full of bright hopes concerning a certain fortune, of which I was in search. Seven years is a long time. Some who had embarked in the same plan died at my side; others, failing, went home, weary and heart sick; but I worked on with good faith and in possession of sound health, never doubting but that I should succeed, for the sake of the dear ones in whose name I had undertaken the task. One of these,"—and here George's voice grew even graver—"one of these is gone from us to a better land; but for the others, thank Heaven, there is a good time in store for them. Sara, before you returned, I heard from our mother's lips the tale of your patience and labor, and of your self sacrificing devotion to her. My own heart throbbed at the story, and I said to myself that the fruit of my toil would be well spent in rewarding such a good little sister. I did not dream there would so soon be an opportunity. Sara, will you take from your brother's hand a dowry sufficient to recall this needy love of yours?"

"George, Heaven bless you; but I could not take it," was all I could sob.

"And why not?" he asked, smiling. "For what do you think I have been working all these years, but to give pleasure to my dear ones? Perhaps you would advise me to endow a hospital immediately, and allow you to continue your pleasant recreation of school-keeping for the rest of your days, while this 'Cecil the Dauntless' pines in obscurity."

Still I only said, in a martyrized tone, "Give it to mamma, George, I could not take it." But George laughed and told me to hold my tongue.

I cried myself to sleep that night, and in the morning woke very late, to find the housetops covered with snow. My mother was alone at the breakfast table, wearing a brighter face than I remembered to have seen her wear for many a long year. To my question concerning George, she replied that he had been gone out an hour; where, she could not tell.

The day passed, and he did not come; but as we sat at tea a hasty knock sounded at the door, and George the next moment burst into the room, followed close by some one else.

"Here he is, Sara, the conquering hero!" shouted my brother. "Come, let's have lights and crowns of laurel, and all the other things mentioned, always providing the lights come first, for we are in the dark."

The "some one else" was my "Cecil the Dauntless," wearing so glad a face that I hardly knew him.

After the first joy of meeting was over, Cyril placed in my hands a letter, which ran as follows:—

MY DEAR NEPHEW.—Do not deem me entirely insensible to the apparent injustice I have done you. I say apparent, because in reality it is not so great a wrong as it appears. True, I am married; but in the event of your marriage I am prepared to settle a yearly income upon you, and at my death you will not find yourself forgotten by your affectionate uncle,

G. ANESLEY."

"It is very good of him," I said, laying the letter down.

"Yes," said Cyril "I cannot be too thankful that things have turned out as they have done. If Uncle Anesley had continued to publish me as his heir, I should have married the wrong Sara."

On New Year's Eve we—that is mamma and George, Flora, Cyril, and I,—had a little merry making, and one week after I was married.

It was very sudden; but our life was to be so completely changed, that we thought it best to get preliminaries over at once.

"You see, Sara," said my mother, "George is urging me to leave this house every day, and our cottage is ready; besides the school affairs must be attended to, and notices of dismissal written to the pupils. Then Flora's clothes must be prepared, for George insists on her going to Germany if she wishes; but how can George and I manage all this, with you and your captain idling about the place and hindering us? In fact nothing can be done till you are married and out of the way."

Lately my dear mother had become quite grand in her clever management, and as George had prepared a dear little rustic cottage, wherein he expressed his intention of installing himself with our mother as soon as Flora and I were disposed of, I made no resistance.

Ex-Gov. Tilden's summer home at Yonkers is known as "Greystone." The grounds cover thirty three acres including lawn, meadow and forest. The mansion and grounds, which are leased by Mr. Tilden, cost $400,000.

SOMETHING ABOUT HAIR.

FALSE HAIR is not so much worn as it was years ago. We do not allude to those early ages when Martial flung his epigrams literally at the heads of the ladies—for the women of antiquity in general, and of Rome in particular, dressed their hair in most extravagant styles. It was their own hair, the poet tells us in plain Latin, inasmuch as they had paid for it. It came originally from Germany or Gaul, and was sold in the market established for the sale of false hair befor the temple of Apollo. Nor do we refer to that brilliant period when France, like Rome before it, set the fashions to the world, and false hair was so largely employed in the construction of a lady's coiffure that Mme. de Sevigne ridicules the newest style at length in a very amusing letter to her daughter, and—with proper submission to the supreme law of fashion—recommends it later on. We are speaking only of the olden times of a few years ago, when the belles of the day—and they are still young—did their best to encourage the trade in false hair.

False hair is no longer fashionable, but it is necessarily still in demand, and few persons are probably aware of the extent to which the traffic in human hair is carried. It has been ascertained that the London hair merchants alone import annually no less a quantity than five tons; but the market would be inadequately supplied if dependence were solely placed on charge clippings. There must be a regular harvest which can be looked forward to at a particular season; and, as there are different markets for black and green tea, for pale brandy and brown brandy, so there is a market for light hair, distinct from the market for dark hair.

Light hair is almost exclusively a German product. It is collected by the agents of certain companies, who visit England yearly to solicit orders. Many years ago fair hair was most valued, and one particular golden tint was so much prized that the dealers only produced it for favorite customers, to whom it was sold at nearly double its weight in silver. The rich and silky texture of this treasured article had its attractions for poets and artists as well as traders. Shakspeare seems to have delighted in golden hair. Bassanio describes Portia with her "sunny locks" hanging "on her temples like the golden fleece." Again in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Julia says of Sylvia and herself, "Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow." Black hair he only mentions twice throughout his entire plays, clearly showing that he imagined light hair to be the peculiar attribute of soft and delicate women. A similar partiality for this color, "touched with the sun," runs through the majority of the poets, and best painters have seized upon golden tresses with the same instinct. A walk through any exhibition of pictures will instantly decide this point. There is not a single female head in the National Gallery, beginning with those glorious studies of heads, the highest ideal of female loveliness, by such an idealist as Correggio, and ending with the full blown blondes of the prodigal Rubens, there is not a single black-haired beauty amongst them all.

It is the opinion of some that the color of the hair of the English people has deepened in tint within the present century, and that this change is owing to the more frequent intermarriages, since the Napoleonic wars, with nations nearer to the sunny south. Whether dark or light, however, the hair purchased by the dealer is so closely scrutinized that he can discriminate between the German and the French article by the smell alone. He even claims the power of distinguishing accurately English from Irish, and Scotch from Welsh. The French dealers are said to be able to detect the difference between the hair "raised" in two districts of Central France, not many miles apart, by tokens so slight as would baffle the most learned naturalists and physiologists.

Black hair is imported from Brittany and the south of France, where it is collected once every year by the agents of a few Parisian wholesale houses. The average crop—the pun is quite accidental—harvested by these firms amount yearly to upwards of 200 000 pounds weight. The price paid for each head of hair ranges from 1fr. to 5fr., according to its weight and beauty; the former seldom reaching above one pound, and seldom falling below 11 ounces. The itinerant dealers are always provided with an assortment of ribbons, silks, laces, haberdashery, and cheap jewelry of various kinds with which they make their purchases as frequently as with money. They attend all the fairs and merry makings within their circuit, and the singularity and novelty of their operations are wont to strike strangers with astonishment more than anything else which falls under their notice. In various parts of the motley crowd of a Breton fair may be met three or four of these purchasers, who travel the country for the purpose of attending fairs and buying the tresses of the peasant girls. The girls, indeed, seem to bring their hair to market as regularly as they do peas and cabbages and eggs. It might be thought that vanity would have effectually prevented this from being carried to any extent. But there is no difficulty

in finding girls willing to dispose of their beautiful heads of hair. The peasant girl parts with her hair as readily as the stern uncle in the old fashioned plays parts with his guineas in the last act. The girls are sheared like sheep, one after the other. They stand round in a ring, ready for the scissors, with their caps in their hands, and their long hair combed out and hanging down to their waists. The operator is sometimes a man, sometimes a woman. By the side of the dealer is placed a large basket, into which every successive crop of hair, tied up in a wisp by itself, is thrown. As far as personal adornment goes, the girls of Brittany do not lose much by losing their hair, for it is the fashion in those parts to wear a close cap which entirely prevents any part of the *chevelure* from being seen, and, of course, totally conceals the want of it. The hair obtained at the fair is transmitted to the wholesale houses, by whom it is dressed and sorted, and sold to the hair-workers at about ten francs the pound. The portion of the crop most suitable for perukes is purchased by a particular class of persons, by whom it is cleaned, curled, prepared to a certain stage, and disposed of to the wig makers at five to ten times its original price. It is then retailed at a big profit; for choice heads of hair, like choice old pictures or choice old china, have no limit to the price they occasionally command.

Millie Gray.

BY A. G. G.

SEVENTEEN YEARS before, Millie Gray had been left at Farmer Gray's door, and his kind hearted little wife, being childless, had brought up Millie as her own.

And the blue eyed child grew up a slender graceful girl, living a dreamy, unconscious life, till that sweet summer when she met Bertie Lester.

At some distance from the cottage of the Grays stood an old-fashioned red brick house, occupied by an unmarried lady, who had taken a great fancy to Millie.

Miss Leigh was a handsome, haughty woman of perhaps forty-five, but was always a kind friend to Millie, and in return Millie loved her truly.

And one day in the midst of the brilliant summertime Millie met Bertie Lester—gay, handsome Bertie Lester.

He was only an artist, this Bertie Lester and a struggling one at that, for he could boast of little lucre, but he was young and ambitious, and in a few short months he was going to Italy, the land of the poets and painters, and sunny land of his sleeping and waking dreams.

Miss Leigh had seen his ambition, and it was her wish he should go.

Above everything on earth Miss Leigh loved this handsome young artist, not with a love a woman gives a lover, but a love tender and true, deep as a mother's or sister's might be.

And the secret of it all was that, years before, she had loved another Bertie Lester with all the most fervent and fondest passion of her woman's heart.

He had been an artist, too, but the favorite of a wealthy uncle, who wished him to marry Hilda Leigh, who was a beauty and an heiress.

But he had turned from her—from her wealth and station—and had married a fragile, penniless girl, and ruined his prospects for life; for the uncle, whose heir he was supposed to be, utterly discarded him, and left him to face the world alone, burdened with a delicate wife. His life was a failure.

And he had died in his early manhood, leaving his girl wife and her baby in absolute poverty; but not for long, for ere the summer roses faded poor pretty Vinnie slept by his side, and little Bertie was left to the care of strangers.

But Hilda Leigh had found him out, and though not taking him to her home, made his future her care, and then, as he grew to manhood, she learned to love him for his dead father's sake whose very image he was.

Up to this last visit to the old house, Bertie's dreams had been of fame and sunny Italy; but after that, somehow, a pair of innocent sea blue eyes came in between his dreams, and before one month had passed, he knew he loved Millie Gray, better even than the fame that had been his life long dream.

He told her his love, had held her to his heart, kissed her lips, and she had shyly answered "yes" to his love.

And that is why she is so strangely happy to-day.

Her heart seemed repeating the one glad refrain of 'He loves me! he loves me!"

And standing beneath the trees her lover came to her.

"I am going away to-day, sweetheart," he said, "to tell my companions to sail without me, and then I will come back to you, my little blue-eyed love;" and then he left her, idly dreaming of her love, and then she turned towards Miss Leigh.

Miss Leigh received her with a kiss, as usual, then drew her down on a low seat beside her, and raising her fair, young face, looked earnestly into the tender, sea blue eyes.

"Millie," she said, "you love Bertie Lester, and he has asked you to be his wife."

The lovely young face flushed.

"Millie, you must give him up."

"Give him up?"—the delicate flush fast faded.

"Yes, if you love him you will be strong enough for the sacrifice."

'And—and why?'

'Because you will wreck his life, sacrifice his genius, lose him the fame he has struggled for so long."

"At the present time, Millie, he is willing to give all this up for a boyish love, but, in years to come, he will learn to hate you. Child, could you bear that? With son as with father. His father gave up all for a girl's fair face, and cursed himself for it ever after."

"I tell you, Millie, that in years to come, he will hate you and the fatal fairness that came between him and his future; he will curse the fetters that bind him to poverty."

What more she said poor Millie could never remembered, only she had promised to go away in silence, and never look on Bertie Lester's face again, and then she had dashed from the house, and fled to the shelter of the trees, and throwing herself on the grass, had sobbed till it seemed as if her heart lay cold and dead within her, never to throb in life again.

When Bertie came back to love and Millie, his heart bounding, his eyes glowing, Miss Leigh told him a story that blanched his dark face with agony.

The fair young girl, for whose sake he had given up the dream of his life, had gone from his life forever.

Rich friends had charmed her, and she had gone with them—left him without a word of farewell.

That was the story Miss Leigh had told him in the quiet twilight, and she gave him the slender ring he had placed on Millie's hand.

The "Bounding Beauty" went dashing over the blue sea, her course to the sunny shores of Italy, and on her deck two gentlemen stood watching the sea birds as they rose on high, then swooping down, rested a moment on the water, and rose on high again.

"We miss Willard," said the younger of the two, a fair haired young man, "he was with us on our last trip. Poor Willard, with his dreamy fancies, and his want of faith in women!"

His companion, a handsome man of perhaps thirty, turned towards him.

"And you, Guy? You believe in woman's truth and woman's constancy?"

'Yes, perfectly and entirely."

His companion laughed lightly.

"Let me tell you a story," he said.

"Years ago there was a young man whose greatest dream was to become a painter, whose deepest longing was to go to Italy and study beneath one of its masters, and to him the chance was offered to gratify his ambition.

"In the midst of it all he met a girl with unwonted blue eyes and childish smile, and for her sake gave up all his dreams, his hopes, and his ambition.

"He was to sail for Italy with his fellow-students, and as the time drew near, he bade the girl he loved good bye for a few days, to go and tell them to sail without him.

"He bade her good bye in perfect faith and trust, and when he returned, his heart beating high with hope and happiness, he found she had gone from his life forever. Rich friends had claimed her, and she had gone without one farewell word. Hating all women for her sake the artist went back to his toil, trying with all the strength of his will to forget her, but haunted still by soft blue eyes and golden hair."

Guy Clifford made no reply.

He felt instinctively that Bertie Lester, the famous artist, whose fame was world-wide, had told him his own story.

"Do you know," Guy said, after a short silence, "had I not left my heart with a dark eyed maiden at home, I believe I would think it my duty, though one easy to perform, to fall in love with the pretty pale governess, of two appalling youngsters, who make day and night hideous in the state-room next to mine. Really, did my beloved know of my feelings for this little pale girl, she might be troubled with a visit of the green eyed monster.

"She is such a pretty little thing," he continued, 'so fragile and childish looking, that I often wish I were her big brother that I might fight her battles for her. But by Jove, there she is!' as a slender figure in grey came on deck, dragging the appalling boys behind her.

Bertie Lester rose to his feet, then went forward and stood before her.

A pair of great sorrowful eyes were raised to his.

"Millie! my Millie!" he said.

A low cry came from her lips, and the next moment he held her white and senseless in his arms.

Guy Clifford wisely withdrew; and six months later had the pleasure of being best man, when he could not be big brother to the pretty, pale governess, who, however, was pale no longer, for joy had brought back the wild rose flush to Millie Gray's face, and she looked again the Mildred Bertie Lester won beneath the trees.

My Guardian.

BY M. M.

SHE sat there, my aunt Katheel, plying her knitting needles with undisturbed serenity.

Just then I would have been infinitely thankful for some demonstration of excitement on my aunt's part; but everything seemed to be at a dead calm, both within doors and without.

At length it grew insupportable, and I paused, crying with needless energy—

"Aunt, darling I'm off for a walk! I cannot wait and watch here one minute longer!"

Aunt Katheel looked over the golden rim of her spectacles with a smile. A deprecating motion of the head preceded the voice almost as heavenly as the smile.

"My child, how impatient you are. But what if Mr. Alton should come whilst you are absent? Your guardian has a right to expect you to welcome him home after a five years' absence. He might feel hurt, dear, he loved you so."

"But I am no longer a little girl, aunt, and he might not care to see me!" I returned, a little chokingly, as I knelt on the footstool before her. "Your nephew, Doctor Rahl, may come home quite indifferent to his once petted ward."

And this time the tears I had been trying to annihilate rushed to my eyes, filling them to overflowing.

Aunt scanned my face with thoughtful interest, and then with a curious smile just touching her lips, she said, quietly—

"Take your walk, dear, and don't dim your eyes with needless tears."

I was soon cloaked and standing on the terrace.

I looked and listened for a minute, in expectation of my guardian's carriage.

But nothing, save the happy chirping of a few birds, broke the almost oppressive, though wonderfully sweet stillness that often heralds a heavy fall of snow.

Then, with a doubtful glance at the leaden sky, I hurried away.

I extended my walk farther than I intended, and long before I reached home a blinding profusion of snowflakes filled the air, and my heart throbbed as wild a response to their soft kisses as when, in my childish days, I alternately sang, laughed, wept or grew devout under the inspiration of their coming.

Possessed with a mad delight, I sped homeward on winged feet; but night caught me.

As I reached the door, I turned a last smiling glance on the scene without and then entered the hall to be blinded for an instant by a flood of light, and the next to become conscious of the presence of a gentleman under the chandelier.

My first impulse was to beat an inglorious retreat; my second, to advance as befitted a young lady of seventeen.

I did so. Blinded by the light, I was passing with a slight bow, when a well-known and well-loved voice exclaimed—

"Can it be! Paula!"

"Gardie!" I cried, quite forgetful of the stilted Dr. Rahl. "I'm so glad to see you."

"My pet," cried Dr. Rahl.

And the next instant his arm was about me, and bending his noble head he imprinted a soft kiss on my forehead. Involuntarily I drew back, with a burning blush.

He bent an eager, almost pleading gaze upon me.

"You don't want to abolish our old relation!" he said, in quick, pained tones.

"No, oh no!" I murmured, blushingly, but most truthfully.

He smiled fondly upon me, saying, with earnestness—

"I am glad of that, Paula; I am not sure that such a wish on your part would not send me back to Rome."

"Then, grasping my hands between his own, he smiled tenderly—

"They are scarcely larger than when I held them last. I can still cover them with my two great palms."

Then with a sudden recollection of my damp cloak, he exclaimed—

"What am I thinking of? Go, go at once. I don't want you ill."

And hastily depriving me of the cloak, he flung it on the rack, and hurried me upstairs to change my garments.

It was soon done, and I descended to the drawing room, expecting to find aunt Katheel in sole possession, knowing that my guardian was still in his chamber.

To my blushing dismay, I encountered a pale, elegant looking man, a total stranger.

I glanced around for aunt, but of her there was nothing left but the knitting-needles.

"I must brave it out," I thought, rather exasperated by the amused twinkle in the stranger's eyes at my very evident girlish embarrassment.

So I blundered, with crimson cheeks and startling simplicity—

"I was not aware of your presence here," which elegant and appropriate salutation failed to elicit a reply from the pale unknown, by reason of Dr. Rahl's voice at the opening door, and the next instant the handsome stranger was being presented to me in due form as "my friend and traveling companion, Mark Alton."

* * * * *

In the days and weeks that followed, Mark Alton made himself most agreeable, and aunt pronounced him a most delightful acquisition to our little circle.

Yes; he was good, handsome, noble, and entertaining; but day by day, Gardie and I drifted farther and farther apart.

He confined himself to the library pleading business matters, and leaving Mark Alton to be entertained by aunt and me.

But somehow, the task seemed to fall upon me, and I should have been very happy in it, had it not been for the miserable sense of alienation from my guardian.

Mark Alton had been with us nearly three months when I was one day summoned to the library of Dr. Rahl.

He was seated at his table his elbow resting upon it, and his hand supporting his head.

He looked up with a grave, sweet smile as I shyly entered.

"Paula," he said, in gentle, though I thought strangely low and unnatural tones, "Mark Alton has entreated it of my friendship, as your guardian to make the offer of his hand and heart. He loves you, Paula."

For a moment I stared at him cold and speechless.

"You wish me to marry him, Doctor Rahl?" I asked, coldly.

His face lighted vividly, and he took one impetuous step towards me.

"Yes, Paula, yes, if you will be happy with him."

I seemed turning to ice from head to foot. A great lump seemed rising in my throat and choking me. Then I said in steady tones—

"I will marry Mr. Alton!"

And forcing a smile to my lips, I turned coldly to the door, with a calm "good morning."

But at the door I paused and looked back, impelled by some powerful and irresistible impulse.

My hand dropped from the knob, and I leaned heavily against the wall.

What meant that anguished face? What meant that tightly clenched hand?

The next moment I was beside him—in front of him.

"Gardie, gardie!" I wailed; "do you want me to marry him?"

"Paula! hush! hush! Don't try me too far, child!" he gasped, gazing down upon me with wild, burning eyes. "Don't child! don't! I am but human! I have borne much! Be pitiful. What will my life be after this day?"

Then, suddenly catching me in his arms, he strained me to his heart, crying, in broken tones—

"Kiss me once more, Paula, and forgive and forget my folly."

And pressing his lips to mine, he kissed me again and again.

"Farewell, my darling," he then murmured, tenderly and softly, "and may Heaven bless you forever!"

And with the words he would have put me gently from him.

But I clung to him with bowed head, whispering, with a tearful smile—

"Heaven has blessed me! I have your love—I ask nothing more!"

"Paula!" he cried, a great joy striking through his tones, as he held me off and questioned my happy face.

It was enough. Once more he caught me to his heart, and this time with a murmured thanksgiving.

Ah, how happy we were, and how happy we have been in all the years that have followed that day.

Professor Frederick Cavill is the name of the man who intends beating Boyton, the man fish, at his own game. He was born in London about forty years ago and has lived in the water most of his life. He has just come over with a rubber suit and plenty of pluck and is anxious to swim twenty miles without support or float down the Mississippi or any other river with Boyton. He has with him a little boy of eight and a girl two years younger. He has taught them to paddle about in rubber suits and they appear to like it. The Professor says he has taken many long swims and once crossed the English Channel. He has saved a good many lives in his time.

AT one of the dinner parties at Newport, peaches were served that cost fifty cents each. At the plate of every guest was a white satin napkin embroidered and a menu card on gold foil. While the meal progressed professional vocalists warbled in the parlor, and when they became weary a string band demonstrated what it could do in the harmony line.

An old lady at Newport scours New England for old china spinning wheels ancient clocks and brass candlesticks, which she sells to Newport cottagers. Her rooms are curiosity shops, and she makes a good living.

Our Young Folks.

TRUMPETER'S MISFORTUNES.

BY A. E. W.

NEARLY twenty years ago, he first saw the light among the wild and beautiful Indian jungles. But it was not till our juvenile elephant was nearly two years old that his first misfortunes befell him.

He and his relations had wandered towards some rich plains, being tempted by quantities of grass, when they were startled by a strange and unknown object which ran towards them, uttering a noise which terrified them very much.

It was a little terrier which had been lost, and being more accustomed to the sight of elephants than they were to him, he valiantly charged the whole drove, and with furious yelp, barks, and bites, assailed Trumpeter, who was the smallest of the party.

Mad with the pain, Trumpeter shrieked wildly for assistance, and rushed at the dog, and placing one foot on his carcase, soon crushed him to death.

As soon as this operation was finished, he turned, and plunging into the jungle, tried to overtake his relations, but he soon found that he had lost them. They were nowhere to be seen

He had been accustomed to depend so much upon his mother for nourishment, that he now almost feared to satisfy his hunger with some strange foliage which he saw around him, but at last discovering some splendid water melons, he munched them up, and found their coolin juice very refreshing.

All day and part of the next he wandered about, still searching unavailingly for his lost companions. But when the shades of evening once more fell he met a small grey animal, something resembling a ferret in the shape of its head, but with long silky hair, and accosting it as "Mr Ichneumon", he asked for information, which, to his surprise, it not only gave, but offered to conduct him to his relations, so accordingly the strange companions set off on their perambulations the ichneumon darting gracefully thither and thither, and the elephant pacing majestically along, till they came in sight of the lost herd, browsing on some trees.

With a shrill cry of pleasure Trumpeter recognized his mother, and rushed forward, with his trunk extended to receive her embrace but none was granted him—his parent continuing to munch her succulent food without paying the least attention to him, and when he attempted to touch her, motioned him off with an angry flap of her ears

'Mother, dear" gasped the poor baby elephant, "don't you know me?'

"You are not my son," replied his former guardian, lazily. "My son was lost three days ago Don't come near me!

"I am your son, indeed, indeed!" cried the poor little fellow, trying again to approach. 'Don't you believe me?'

"Get away, and don't trouble me," she cried, pushing him roughly aside; and Trumpeter turned to the other members of the herd, his heart swelling with disappointment.

"Won't some of you speak for me?" he pleaded, with touching meekness; but his relations all answered:

"You may be right—indeed you are our connection; but there is no use in trying to persuade your mother to believe it, for she won't However, you are old enough now to shift for yourself, and you may stay with us; so you need not complain"

When he was about twelve or fourteen years old, the herd he belonged to found themselves one day near a stream which they were very eager to reach

He momentarily stopped behind while the others went on When he looked up he could not see them, and on trying to rejoin his companions he found he had again lost sight of them and unfortunately, this time his search was totally helpless, for weeks and months he persevered unsuccessfully, until he gave up the attempt in despair, and then thought he would join some other herd There were two opinions about this idea, however for he soon found that no other family of elephants would admit him into their community and scouted and snubbed by every one, our poor solitary hero's naturally sweet temper became soured and savage from disappointment and loneliness and he turned into a 'goondah," or rogue whose only object seemed to be tormenting and attacking every live thing which annoyed him and finding pleasure in the cruelties he inflicted.

* * * * *

Several years had passed by, during which time our hero did an increasing amount of mischief; but his frolics were approaching their termination Not content with the stores of luscious food with which he was surrounded, he had fixed his affections for some time on the foliage of some sacred bo trees which stood near a heathen temple, and at last one evening, when all seemed quiet, he determined to venture down and make a raid on them.

Creeping gently and cautiously from the hills, he concealed himself in a thicket of cotton-trees, and waited while he surveyed the prospect.

Finally, he made up his mind that everything was safe, and made his way up to the grove of bo-trees.

But a lot of monkeys, on catching sight of an enemy who had often made himself obnoxious to them by interrupting their amusements, set up such a series of screams, that a priest who happened to be in the temple rushed out to see what the matter was, and on perceiving our hero, ran back again, and hastily returning with a blazing torch, thrust it with great presence of mind into the elephant's face, and the enormous brute, terrified by the glare, fled precipitately.

However, the priests had no idea of having the sacred trees belonging to their place of worship destroyed by any midnight marauder, and they made such a forcible representation of their wrongs, and the number of elephants which now inhabited the woods, to the governer, that he, knowing that it was nearly time for a general capture, only waited for the rainy season to be over before he gave orders for a "keddah" to be built.

This consisted of first selecting a spot in the heart of the forest where the animals would be likely to take a fancy to the ground, a stream of water being quite necessary, and then enclosing a space about five hundred feet in length, and two hundred and fifty wide with strong trunks of trees, only leaving a gate through which the animals might pass; a second and third enclosure are made, and then an immense number of natives collect together, and forming a kind of wide circle round any spot which they think contains elephants, gradually draw nearer to each other, and to the keddah day after day till at last the unwieldy animals are forced into the trap.

Poor Trumpeter and a herd who had nothing to say to him were entrapped in this manner, and their terror, as each day the dreaded natives approached closer and closer; can hardly be described.

When at length they found themselves inside the stockade they ran wildly round and round, trying to force an opening out, but everywhere they were met by shrill screams and long white rods brandished in their faces, till they rested in the centre in temporary exhaustion, fanning themselves with large branches.

Then two tame elephants, each ridden by a mahout, slipped quietly into the enclosure, and with almost human instinct, assisted their masters in noosing and tying their unhappy kinsmen. In one of these sagacious creatures Trumpeter recognized his unnatural mother, and hoping that she might at length acknowledge him, he allowed her to approach so near that she found it easier to tie him than any of the others.

But our hero's anguish on finding that his heartless parent had betrayed him exceeded all his previous trials. He thought of his old expedient of feigning death, but it did not succeed in this instance for the men were determined not to lose his tusks even if they abandoned his body, and as soon as they attempted to touch them our hero very soon came to life again.

At last he made up his mind to endure his fate with philosophy, reflecting that his life could not be much more unhappy than it had been for many years, and indeed he had made a change for the better. As soon as the wounds on his legs caused by the ropes were healed, he was trained to work, and is at present employed in drawing one of the great guns in a battery of Royal English artillery in India.

A CURIOUS LAKE.—In Colorado is a tenacre field which is no more than a subterranean lake covered with soil about eighteen inches deep On the soil is cultivated a field of corn, which produces thirty or forty bushels to the acre. If any one will take the trouble to dig a hole the depth of a spade handle he will find it to fill with water, and by using a hook and line fish four or five inches long can be caught They have neither scales nor eyes and are perch like in shape The ground is a black marl in its nature, and in all probability was at one time an open body of water, on which was accumulated vegetable matter, which has been increased from time to time, until now it has a crust sufficiently rich to produce fine corn, though it has to be cultivated by hand as it is not strong enough to bear the weight of a horse. While harvesting the field hands catch great strings of fish by punching through the earth. A person rising on his heel and coming down suddenly can see the growing corn shake all around him Any one having the strength to drive a rail through the crust will find on releasing it that it will disappear altogether The whole section of country surrounding this field gives evidence of marshiness and the least rain produces an abundance of mud But the question comes up, but has not this body an outlet? Although brackish the water tastes as if fresh and is evidently not stagnant. Yet these fish are eyeless and scaleless—similar to those found in caves.

Camilla Urso, the lady violinist, intends to settle in Boston.

Cerebrations.

CONDUCTED BY "WILKINS MICAWBER."

Address all communications to Wilkins Micawber, No. 644 North Seventeenth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Solutions and original contributions solicited

A RESPONSE.

BY EFFENDI.

Friend "Wilkins" I have tried my best,
But cannot do as you request.
So please to let me off this time.
In place of poetry take rhyme.

When puzzle poems you require,
Ask "Lochinvar" to tune the lyre,
"Tom Ascot," "O. W. L.," or "Percy V——"
But don't, I beg of you, ask me.

I hardly know what I can say.
To interest the "Boys" to-day
I have no startling news to tell,
But, probably 'tis just as well

However, I'll propose a toast—
The Puzzle Column in the POST,
May CEREBRATIONS have success,
And may its shadow never grow less.

ANSWERS.

No. 275. WARDEN

No. 276
9 I T
I C E
L A D

No. 277. WATERLILY

No. 278.
M
M E N
M E N O W
N O W
W

No. 279. CHAFFINCH.

No. 280.
S T A P L E
T A B L E S
A R L E S T
P L P A * E
L E S S E R
E S T E E M

No. 281. ABANDON.

No. 282.
R
C I P
R A B I D
C A P I T O L
R U B I C K I L E
P I T K S T I
D O L T I
L L I
E

No. 283. PICKWICK PAPERS
CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 284.
C A T A L P A
A L A M O R T
T A B A R E T
A M A T I V E
L O R I N E S
P H E V E N T
A T T E S T S

No. 285. FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

No. 286.
P
P E D
P I N E R
F O R E V E R
P I R A T I C A L
P E N E T R A T I O N
D E V I A T I N G
M Y S T I F Y
M A I N Y
L O G
N

No. 287. MEMORIAL.

T. Warm weather comes when blue birds sing
J. J. And then each spring.
T. Now best old Webster gravely state,
That 8 to 9 was quite a weight,
J. J. 10 to 12 I state with pleasure,
Was an Israelitish measure,
T. And 13 what have we here?
A letter mayors most revere.
J. J. Mr Webster, take the stand,
Tell give the meanings we command
T. Of first three letters. 3, 1?
N. W. Part of the body now I'll name.
J. J. The last three letters still remain,
We'll have to call him back again.
N. W. Well, here I am and you can rain,
The last three letters to a weight.
CHORUS—In our Republic's infant days,
WHOLE earned some well deserved praise.

Lima, Ohio.

No. 288. SPHINX CROSS.

From centre upward, I espy,
The coat of Corn or Wheat, or Rye
From centre right I mean to strike
The evening off from Up to Oh.
From centre down I mean to pot,
Something to melt in evening pot
A cash mark not I show
From centre left sometimes a blow
Outside around a lizard green,
Which oily, small and young, is seen.
The next around is sometimes spare,
Or sings for its length, or face.
My next is never plentiful
But sometimes very beautiful.
My centre is a letter which
Is seen within the word bewitch.

Newark, N. J. APOLLO.

No. 289. CHARADE.

"Annie," the Connecticut belle
First when you have total cleared tell,
But lately has passed
The milestone of LAST
And yet she writes pretties quite well.

Rondout, N. Y. O. W. L.

No. 290. DIAMOND.

1. A consonant. 2. An insect. 3. A bottle. 4. Adjusts. 5. A trap. 6 Sleeping. 7. Aquatic fowls. 8. To yield. 9. A consonant.

Decatur, Ala. EONA.

No. 291. DOUBLE CROSSWORDS.

In whew not in sigh.
In laugh not in cry.
In great not in small.
In none but in all
To be seen in street.
The puzzle is complete.
My WHOLE will name companions two,
My FIRST has often carried you.
The SECOND, which is placed below,
If lost will cause an overthrow.

Greenville, S. C. DEAN FOGGIES

No. 292. REVERSED RHOMBOID.

Across— 1 This is a farmer You will own
I've met generally known
2. His boy, who went to school was NEXT
I think he did not know the text.
3. This means conclusions. That same lad
Said the preceding ends were bad.
4 The boy was right To wit not dog.
But let the second be pedagogue.
5. The sessions of the public body.
The farmer, not his boy, called gaudy.
6. The tutor of the village school.
SIXTH with the farmers, 'twas the rule
That's why the boy for SEVENTH had
But cheating us in to teacher sued.

Down— A letter to exist; the ground.
Fruit; beef or lard here devils found;
Inspires with apprehensions then
Put down rubbed out; lands like a fan;
Some certain; quote; a reply
In the affirmative: then try
To find a nickname, all you can
To finish in a consonant.

Oakland, California.

San Francisco, Cal. PERCY VERE.

No. 293. LOGOGRIPH.

A word oft meaning to dispatch, am I;
Behead, a part of a man I'll be;
Behead, transpose, a mingled mass you spy;
Behead again, a pronoun see.

Philadelphia Pa. PROCTOR.

No. 294. SQUARE.

1. A foot containing two unaccented syllables 2 To give an account of. 3 A race of people mentioned in 36th chapter of Numbers. 4 The first letters of an Acrostic 5. Succulent. 6. Starry. 7. A token

Duluth, Ma. BY PEN.

No. 295. CHARADE

FIRST is a shape that may be found,
In tops that swiftly whirl around.
My SECOND may express surprise,
Awake'd by a scamp's lies.
For THIRD, to light you all may bring
The edge or marge of anything
My FOURTH is one who lies perdu,
Though new his name is not to you
The farthest stars that shine at night,
Are what you here may solve aright,
Some objects have the form of WHOLE,
Perchance a block or lump of coal.

Washington, D. C. GIL BLAS.

No. 296. DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A fish 3. Mere sagacious. 4. One who makes efforts of body or mind. 5. Hangers on. 6. Lofty. 7. Surveying. 8. Readiness. 9. Part of the body. 10. To incline. 11. A letter.

Baltimore, Md. ASIAN

No. 297. CRYPTOGRAM.

"The boy" was jerk ch'rkegewam
' Duty warm mwigbilowag
Is mork ry phrimm warm arvakoye boy
Joy ytw pgryv pojx hdg eodwawg!"

New York City. LOCHINVAR.

No. 298. REVERSED RHOMBOID.

Across—1 Displaying a show of knowledge. 2. Pertaining to a genus of beetles. 3 Keel-shaped. 4. A black variety of garnet 5. The native sulphate of lead. 6. A descendant of Fatima. 7. Toad stone. 8. A race of Italy.

Down— 1. A letter. 2. A word uttered to frighten children. 3. The tail of a hare. 4. A cotton stuff. 5. A Latin proper name. 6. A mineral. 7 A Latin proper name. 8. A plant. 9. A native arseniate of copper. 10. One of a certain sect. 11. To perform well a downward motion. 12. A tune. 13. A bond. 14 An abbreviation, meaning the same. 15. A letter.

Baltimore, Md. HAL HAZARD.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

PRIZES.

1. The POST six months for FIRST COMPLETE list of solutions.

2. The POST three months for NEXT BEST list.

SOLVERS.

Cerebrations of June 28th were solved by Hal Hazard, Odoacer, Asian, A. Solver J. C. M., Pengolly, Capt. Cuttle, Lochinvar, El Fen, O. Fenum, Nic O'Demus, Effendi, Dove Chester Joe Mullins, Theron, Percy Vere, Apollo.

COMPLETE LISTS—Hal Hazard, Odoacer, Asian.

PRIZE WINNERS.

1. Hal Hazard, - - Baltimore, Md.
2. Odoacer, - - - Gibson, Pa.

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

Theron—Half Square and Diamond. Maud Lyn—Half Square. El Fen—Square. Boo Koo—Charade and two Diamonds. Uncle Nat—Charade.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

KOO—"Knit Knots" in the Herald of August 2nd is no doubt the best number that you have ever issued. The typographical appearance is excellent and the Department all that you can desire.

EL FEN—Plenty of room for the large Squares. Seven letter ones are about as good puzzles as we find now, although an ex-Medalia member is making quite a stir with his wonderful Acrostics.

MAUD LYN—Half Square excellent but GRAHAM has the start of you. However, you'll catch him on the Rhyme.

UNCLE NAT—Very welcome. Charade O K., and hope to hear from you frequently

BOO COO—Pretty hot, was it? Well, you'll do.

THERON—Do your level best, that is all we ask

PYRAMID—"G. P. H." continues to improve the longer you "grasp the helm." You always manage to have the foremost contributors to the "Dove and they send you the "first fruits" of the season. We are proud to print your "Response" this week, and hope you will have another prepared, as you are certain of an ANSWER!

[ANAGRAM VS. CRYPTOGRAM

We did think that Cryptographers wrote Cryptographs but we do not think so any longer. Pat of the matter is, that we have been so delayed with Greek roots and other "are sayings before and after the fact" that we are in "hot water"

We have had quite enough of the arguments, and in the future shall stick to the time honored typogram, although we had thought of making a compromise on CRYPTOGRAM.

AT THE GARDEN GATE.

BY S. A. F.

Oh, my false, false love, do you ever remember,
Now as falls the leaf in the drear November,
And the days are brief, and the gloamings late,
Our courting days in the hushed, sad weather,
When we lingered so long in the eves together,
And whispered our vows at the garden gate?

Whether chill the blast, or in Indian summer,
Was I ever a tardy or long watched comer,
As my swift steps rustled the path of fate?
And you, if you waxed for an instant weary,
Did you ever refuse, at my greeting cheery,
The kiss of peace at the garden gate?

However mournful the wind and the night were,
Your smile and blush in the dark so bright were,
Your hand so ready to clasp its mate!
Sunset before us, or stars above us,
There was naught in Nature but seemed to love us,
Making soft love at the garden gate.

Now, wailing a dirge over love long buried,
The night wind comes, and the vows so hurried
Are but dead, sere leaves in the path of fate.
Your false, fair face, like the moon's in coldness,
Glimmers scornfully on my lonely boldness,
As I linger again at the garden gate.

But never again, in the drear Novembers,
Do I walk abroad but my heart remembers
The love that so brightened the gloaming late,
If my glance, upon either side, discovers
The shadowy forms of what may be lovers
Standing lingeringly at some garden gate.

ABOUT ARTISTS.

SIR DAVID WILKIE, from the character of his delineations, will always be a great favorite. We are here told how he became a painter. Sir John Sinclair happening once to dine in company with Wilkie, asked in the course of conversation if any particular circumstance had led him to adopt the profession. Sir John inquired:

"Had your father, mother or any of your relations a taste for painting—or what led you to follow that art?"

To which Wilkie replied:

"The truth is, Sir John, that *you* made me a painter."

"How could I?" exclaimed the baronet. "I never had the pleasure of meeting you before."

Wilkie then gave him the following explanation:

"When you were drawing up the Statistical Account of Scotland, my father, who was a clergyman in Fife, had considerable correspondence with you respecting his parish, in the course of which you sent him a colored drawing of a soldier in the uniform of your Highland Fencible Regiment. I was so delighted with the sight that I was constantly drawing copies of it; and thus, insensibly, I was transformed into a painter."

We must not pass from Wilkie without relating the following amusing story:

On the birth of the son of a friend—afterwards a popular novelist—Sir David Wilkie was requested to become one of the sponsors for the child. Sir David, whose studies of human nature extended to everything but infant human nature, had evidently been refreshing his boyish recollections of kittens and puppies, for after looking intently into the child's eyes as it was held up for his inspection, he exclaimed to the father with serious astonishment and satisfaction: "He sees!"

During the residence in England of Haydn, the celebrated composer, one of the Royal Princes commissioned Sir Joshua Reynolds to paint Haydn's portrait. Haydn went to the residence of the painter and gave him a sitting, but he soon grew tired. The same weariness and want of expression occurring at the next attempt, Sir Joshua communicated the circumstance to the commissioning Prince, who contrived the following stratagem: He sent to the painter's house a pretty German girl who was in the service of the Queen. Haydn took his seat for the third time; and as soon as the conversation began to flag, a curtain rose, and the fair German addressed him in his native tongue with a most elegant compliment. Haydn, delighted, overwhelmed the enchantress with questions; his countenance recovered its animation, and Sir Joshua rapidly and successfully seized its traits.

Opie was once painting an old beau of fashion. When this gentleman thought the painter was touching the mouth, he screwed it up in the most ridiculous manner. Opie who was a blunt man, said very quietly:

"Sir, if you want the mouth left out, I will do it with pleasure."

Sir Joshua Reynolds once hearing of a young artist who had become embarrassed by an injudicious marriage, and was on the point of being arrested, immediately hurried to his residence to inquire into the case. The unfortunate artist told the melancholy particulars of his situation, adding that forty pounds would enable him to settle with his creditors. After some further conversation Sir Joshua rose to take his leave, telling the distressed painter he would do something for him. When bidding him adieu at the door Sir Joshua took him by the hand, and after squeezing it cordially, hurried off with a benevolent triumph in his heart, while the astonished and relieved artist found in his hand a bank note for one hundred pounds.

Of Gainsborough we are told that both himself and his neighbors were ignorant of his genius, until one day—he was residing at Sudbury—seeing a country fellow looking wistfully over his garden wall at some pears, he picked up a bit of board and painted him so inimitably well that, the board being placed upon the wall, several of the neighboring gentry and farmers immediately recognized the figure of a thief who had paid many unwelcome visits to their gardens; and being, by means of this impromptu portrait, charged by some of them with the robbery of his orchard, the thief acknowledged his guilt, and agreed, in order to avoid a worse fate, to enlist.

A very interesting fact, which will be new to many, is thus given:

That Tenderden steeple was the cause of Goodwin Sands does not appear a whit more strange than that in the Foundling Hospital originated the Royal Academy of Arts. Yet such was the case. The Hospital was incorporated in 1738 and in a few years the present building was erected; but as the income of the charity could not with propriety be expended upon decorations, many of the principal artists of that day generously gave pictures for several of the apartments of the Hospital. These were permitted to be shown to the public upon proper application, and hence became one of the sights of the metropolis. The pictures proved very attractive, and this success suggested the annual exhibition of the united artists, which institution was the precursor of the Royal Academy in the Adelphi, founded in 1760. Thus within the walls of the Foundling the curious may see the state of British art previous to the epoch when King George III. countenanced the historical talent of West.

We turn now to a foreign artist. Vernet, the grandfather of the famous French painter of the same name, relates that he was once employed to paint a landscape with a cave and St. Jerome in it. He accordingly painted the landscape with St. Jerome at the entrance of the cave. When he delivered the picture, the purchaser, who understood nothing of perspective, said:

"The landscape and the cave are well made, but the saint is not in the cave."

"I understand you, sir," replied Vernet. "I will alter it."

He therefore took the painting, and made the shade darker, so that the saint seemed to sit farther in. The purchaser took the painting, but it again appeared to him that the figure was not in the cave. Vernet then obliterated the figure, and gave the picture to the purchaser, who now at last seemed perfectly satisfied. Whenever he showed the picture to strangers, he said:

"Here you have a picture by Vernet, with St. Jerome in the cave."

"But we cannot see the saint," the visitors would reply.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," the possessor would answer, "he is there, for I have seen him standing at the entrance, and afterwards farther back, and I am therefore quite sure that he is in it!"

Grains of Gold.

Order, thou eye of action.

His praise is lost who waits till all command.

Praise is only praise when well addressed.

Love sacrifices all things to bless the thing it loves.

Hatred is like fire—it makes even light rubbish deadly.

No house is big enough for two wits to live in together.

No one is ever fatigued after the exercise of forbearance.

The wild oats of youth change into the briars of manhood.

A weak mind is ambitious of envy; a strong one of respect.

That civility is best which excludes all superfluous formality.

There are reproaches which praise, and praises which slander.

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.

Men's muscles move better when their souls are making merry music.

A house without newspapers and books is like a house without windows.

An indiscreet person is like an unsealed letter, which everybody can peruse.

Let us always be cheerful; if life is a burden, let it be a burden of song.

Ink is a caustic which sometimes burns the fingers of those who make use of it.

They that do nothing are in the readiest way to do that which is worse than nothing.

Memory seldom fails when its office is to show us the sepulchre of our buried hopes.

Pleasure is the mere accident of our being, and work its natural and most holy necessity.

A man in the finest suit of clothes is often a shabbier fellow than another dressed in rags.

To act upon a determination made in anger is like embarking on a vessel during a storm.

Those who criticise most severely the works of others seldom can produce any themselves.

When you have occasion to utter a rebuke, let your words be soft and your arguments hard.

Life appears too short to be spent in nursing animosities, or in registering imaginary wrongs.

We ought not to judge of men's merits by their qualifications, but by the use they make of them.

Before friendship and love go benevolence and that compassion which unites the soul to the unfortunate.

All other love is extinguished by self-love; beneficence, humanity, justice, philosophy, sink under it.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; therefore, if a man thinks it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

Believe, and if thy faith be right, that insight which gradually transmutes faith into knowledge will be the reward of thy belief.

People are apt to fall in love with those who are beautiful at sight. But to retain love one must have truth, tenderness and constancy.

Some persons move through life as a band of music down the street, flinging out pleasure on every side through the air to every one, far and near, that cares to listen.

Good words do more than hard speeches; as the sunbeam without any noise will make the traveler cast off his cloak, which all the blustering winds could not do, but only make it draw closer to him.

The industrious bee does not stop to complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in the road, but buzzes on, selecting the honey where she can find it, and passing by the place where it is not.

The mother's yearnings, that completest type of the life in another life which is the essence of real human love, feels the presence of the cherished child even in the base, degraded man, and she sees again her baby's face.

Feminimities.

Laura D. Fair, the Western murderess, has invented a baby carriage, and sold the patent for $4,000.

Selling introductions to beauties is the last method of money making introduced at the English fairs.

Fashionable ladies wear velvet wristlets during the day, and only display handsome bracelets in the evening.

Checked summer silks are in favor in Paris this year, having displaced the pin stripes that were in fashion so long.

It is found that Mrs. Southworth has killed over seven hundred people in her novels, and is still murderously inclined.

Only three women in Springfield, Mass., have indicated a desire to exercise the right of suffrage in the choice of the School Board.

In the Sunday school pic nic procession it is the great stout homely girl that carries the banner. The nice looking little girl is kindly cared for by the superintendent.

A Verona maiden was not equal to the usual thoughtlessness of her sex. She drowned herself one day, when, had she waited, she would have become heiress to $40,000.

An Arab writer says: A woman will make as long and as patient a tug as a camel if you will only give her a kind word and show her a bit of green comfort at the end.

An exchange hastens to inform us that Queen Victoria drinks her tea out of a saucer. Glad to hear it; always supposed she took up the teapot and drank out of the "nose."

A Chicago woman excites much notice as well as disgust by wearing a live milk snake as a bracelet, and allowing the reptile to writhe off her arm when she is making calls.

Flowers are not so lavishly used in the decoration of wedding dresses as formerly. Small bouquets are set at intervals down the front, or clusters are fastened in the panniers.

No less than 40,000 women of Massachusetts are still compelled to button their own gaiters. The allegation that "man proposes," does not seem to be true of the Old Commonwealth.

The Ladies' Art and Science Club of Milwaukee, which has been in existence about five years, now numbers one hundred members. They have devoted the last two years to pictorial art.

Catholic women in Rome in very large numbers have signed and published a formal protest against the proposed Italian law which makes the civil marriage obligatory before the ecclesiastical.

Miss Lillian Taylor, the daughter of the late distinguished poet and minister, has translated into German the play of "Masks and Faces," and it has been successfully produced at Berlin.

Mlle. Gabrielle Duret, the grand daughter of Chernbini, has just been married in Paris, and the organ music which accompanied the ceremony was taken from the works of her celebrated grandfather.

At the October Oxford examinations for women, three scholarships will be awarded. One of these, the Mary Somerville scholarship, of the value of $150, and tenable for three years, will be awarded for proficiency in mathematics.

To vote in Massachusetts for members of the School Committee, a woman must be twenty-one years old, able to read and write, have paid a tax within a year, resided for that time in the State, and six months in the town where she is to vote.

Mistress (to new cook)—Now, Sarah, remember if you are strictly honest and economical in your marketing I will give you a few shillings extra per month. New Cook—Thank you, ma'am; I'll think it over and let you know this evening.

Given—Two women, two sewing machines and an interesting subject to gossip about, and the intervening space of twenty feet across the yards between the windows becomes as nothing, and the hum of the sewing machine is drowned by the voices of the gossipers, until it seems as the whizz of the butterfly.

"Oh, yes, I'm mad—just as mad as I can be!" exclaimed a fashionable lady, tossing her head to give emphasis to her words; "to think that those horrid reporters should have the impudence to lug me into their description of the Fitzgerald wedding. Ugh! the horrid things—and they didn't even mention the lace on my dress."

An inhabitant of Michigan says: "If the young ladies really want husbands with small incomes (rather doubtful) they should adopt the German system. Over in Germany every girl, whether rich or poor, goes through a thorough course of training in cooking and housekeeping. Who ever saw a German girl that wasn't a good cook and housekeeper?"

The first lady correspondent at Washington was Mrs. Ann Boyd, a Tennesseean, who went there about 1818 to get a pension on account of her deceased husband's revolutionary service. Failing in this she published books and newspapers until her death in 1854. Every newcomer was interviewed, and those who bought a copy of "The Black Book" and subscribed to "The Huntress" were lauded to the skies, while those who refused to invest were defamed and denounced without stint.

Woman occasionally shows her superiority over the superior race even in the matter of physical endurance. A band of colored cotton choppers, composed of a dozen women and as many men, have been moving from farm to farm and chopping out the cotton by the day, near Raleigh, N. C. The other day nine of the men stopped work, threw down their hoes and swore the sun was too hot for them, and that they could not bear it. The women held on until the last row was chopped out, and then walked off with their wages.

A prying correspondent of the Toronto *Globe* has gazed with sacrilegious eyes into the tent of the Princess Louise, now salmon fishing in the wilds of Canada. "The ground," he says, "is covered thickly with fresh spruce boughs, and on either side of the mattress, which rests on the boughs in the centre of the tent, is a strip of dark Brussels carpet. A dainty little dresser in the corner of the tent, supports a small, handsome mirror, and the usual variety of toilet conveniences. The cot, which, so far as its original purpose was concerned, the Princess discarded on her arrival in camp, has been converted into a lounge, and this, with an easy chair or two, completes the outfit of this simple, but cheery little woodland home of Her Royal Highness."

Hateline.

A pen may be driven, but the pencil does best when it is lead.

The postage stamp knows its place after it has been licked once.

Brass basses for gold in Africa, and, by the way, it does here, too.

Uneasy lies the man who has already been caught at it once or twice.

A big head is no more an evidence of brains than a paper collar is of a shirt.

A new brand of cigars is called "The lottery ticket" because only one in a thousand draws.

A husband in this town calls his wife "Discipline." Queer enough, too, as he is unable to maintain her.

Weston was a book canvasser. When one of the tribe visits you tell him of Weston's success and bid him kindly but firmly to walk!

Gray, who shot Edwin Booth, is the pitcher for a base ball nine in the Elgin Lunatic Asylum. It's funny how crazy people like base ball!

Judging from the large number of young physicians being ground out by our medical colleges we can no longer sing, "This world is but an M. D. void."

Johnny says this short hair style isn't very becoming to him, but it dries out so quick that his mother never can tell when he has been in swimming.

A lady who can't get on a street car with less room than two men will occupy, will instantly shrink to the size of a four-year old boy at sight of a rat in the kitchen.

A man may be as pure as a virgin snowflake and as mild as a May morning, but he will get wild just the same when his office boy dips the mucilage brush in the inkstand.

Always help those who are able to help themselves. Lightning can reach the earth without any assistance, and yet men put up lightning rods for lightning to slide down on.

It is a little singular, although no less true that one small, but well-constructed fly will do more work towards breaking up a man's afternoon nap than the out-door racket of a full brass band.

The fellow who was told that another drink would kill him, said, "If I haf to die, lem me, but I will take two horns first." This is the correct origin of the expression, "two horns to a dilemma."

A parishioner of a pastor was asked what the color of the parson's eyes was. He didn't really know, "for," he said, "when he prays his eyes are shut, and when he preaches, I generally shut mine."

Every man is the architect of his own fortune, and it needs but a glance to convince the most skeptical that some men don't know as much about architecture as a hen does about artificial incubation.

A man asked Mr. Pitt for a certain place. "I should have thought," said the minister, "that a sinecure would have suited you better." "True," said the applicant, "but if you give me the place I will make it a sinecure."

"The only real bitter tears," says some one, "are those shed in solitude." You may bet your life that philosopher never saw a ten-year-old boy coming out of the woodshed in company with his father and a strap.

Cincinnati has a society for the promotion of marriages. They are so entirely devoted to pigs, beer and music down there that without such an organization a trifling thing like marrying would never occur to anybody.

A fat French woman despairingly says: "I am so fat that I pray for a disappointment to make me thin. No sooner does the disappointment come, than the mere expectation of growing thinner gives me such joy that I become fatter than ever."

A careful house-wife puts new wall paper on the front room in the spring time rather than in the fall. Millie's young man never leans his greasy back hair against the wall in the summer time, and the paper can consequently be kept clean. The front gate, you know.

It was a new girl who was a stranger in town. The young lady of the house was much put out by her wanting to go to church Sunday morning when she wanted her aid in dressing. "I don't see what you are so anxious to go to church every Sunday for," she petulently observed last Sabbath; "you can't know any fellow in the place."

An old-fashioned minister passing a fashionable church, not long ago, on which a new spire was going up, was asked how much higher it was to be. "Not much," he answered; "that congregation don't own much higher in that direction." Too often the height of the steeple is the height of the church's ambition and all below it belongs to the sheriff or the creditors.

The brilliant programme of a celebrated watering place says: "The dashing surge that breaks upon the smooth, white beach contains saline ingredients that constitute it a powerful incentive of health." The last time we were there the beach was strewn with dead cats and junk bottles, decayed lemons and seaweed, yet the programme doesn't mention them. This was undoubtedly an oversight of the printer. For "saline" read "feline," and for incentive read "preventive."

It is really amusing to see a young man and his favorite girl walking along the street with their faces close together—eye answering to eye the dulcet language of the soul—and, when they approach an ice-cream saloon, to observe how suddenly their heads turn in opposite directions—the sweet morsel in maulin looking straight at the inviting entrance to the refreshment parlor, while her gallant escort projects the full power of his weather eye upon a mangy cur in the middle of the street until the awful crisis is fully passed.

NEVER ALLOW DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, or any Bowel Affection to have its own way, or serious consequences may result. By neglecting such complaints the system is often rapidly reduced to a condition beyond the help of medicines, before the patient can realize the necessity of looking about him for a remedy. At this season of the year especially, everybody should be provided with that certain and safe curative for all stomach and Bowel Complaints, Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam, for with it all such affections may be promptly and efficaciously treated.

ÆSTHETIC DRESS IN ENGLAND.

The Picturesque and Artistic Mania.

I HAD been away for some years on the Continent, and was only just home, when my cousin invited me to go with him to the house of some friends to hear a young poet deliver a lecture on a great French one who lived, wrote, and died three hundred years ago. I was feeling somewhat lonely, and gladly accepted the invitation.

"Be sure to dress picturesquely," said my cousin in departing; "we are going to an æsthetic household."

"An æsthetic household!" I repeated bewildered. Then, remembering that I had been away four years, and that I was no longer *au courant* of the interests and expressions of society, I added humbly, "What does the word 'æsthetic' mean?"

"Æsthetic" replied my cousin; and he paused. "Æsthetic," he resumed, with that shadow of assertive pugnacity in his tone which denotes a vagueness of apprehension in the mind of the speaker; "æsthetic means æsthetic, I suppose. It is to love and cultivate the beautiful. Everybody that is at all nice is æsthetic nowadays; everything is æsthetic about them—furniture, dressing, relations between men and women. Flirtations I mean. Even children ought to be æsthetically brought up."

"Dear me!" said I, feeling somewhat overwhelmed, and more than ever at sea as to the meaning of the term. I then said, more cheerily, feeling that I should be enlightened that evening as to the significance of the big word, "I shall be ready at eight."

I confess I am fond of dress. I have a feminine weakness for liking to look as pretty and pleasant as I can, and the ambition to make the best of my modest charms. I humbly admit that, whatever small powers of conversation I may possess, I never trot them out to better advantage than when I know my dress is becoming, fitting perfectly, and of harmonious coloring. I have, moreover decided notions on dress. I am not my dressmaker's submissive doll. I think a woman's dress, without any eccentric divergence from the prevailing fashion, ought yet to give a certain clue to her individual taste and character. Frivolous as it may seem, I confess that I have lain awake at night dreaming of the make and cut of a gown.

When my cousin left, I bethought myself with some pride that I had a picturesque dress—it might, after all, turn out to be an æsthetic dress. A clever little French dressmaker had made it, under my direction; in truth, I had copied the design from a picture by Titian, and my deft workwoman had subdued it sufficiently to make it appear of the fashion of the present day. In Paris picturesque dressing is not so much in vogue as it is here; but this dress of mine had won the admiration of a *grande dame* who had pronounced it picturesque without being *outre*. This is the one absolute necessity for good dressing in their notion of taste, that there should be nothing *outre* in the costume. I unpacked it gleefully. There it was, a rich black silk, long and ample, of Princesse make, with a dead gold satin front let in, sleeves slashed with dead gold, a full high ruche around throat and wrists of somewhat yellow Mechlin lace. I put on my necklace of amber beads, and an old-fashioned chatelaine I had picked up in one of the dear bric a brac shops on the quais. I also added a small bag of stamped snuff colored leather for my handkerchief; my hair is fair; I wear it low over my forehead. That evening I wound a black and gold cord through it. I was ready when my cousin arrived, and got into the carriage without further delay. We soon arrived at the house, and were shown up into a large room, already crowded. We were late, and the lecture about to begin. The room was a medley of blue china, of Japanese fans and screens, scattered about in fulsomeness. I saw afterwards that there were charming and artistic objects in it. Against this background detached itself the strangest, most melancholy, most original group of men and women it had ever been my luck to gaze on. All the women looked wan, untidy, unpicturesque. My first confused notion was that they were all going to a fancy ball after the lecture, and that the news of some fearful disaster had met them and turned away their thoughts from this world's frivolities. The attitudes were also listless and limp, with a certain grace of melancholy intensity. Coming straight from Paris, the contrast here presented was almost too forcible for my risible muscles. After a while I began to perceive that there was a distinct intention in the colors and arrangements of some of these costumes. They struck me as striving after emotional expression. One lady was in red; red gloves covered her hands and arms; I could see that her stockings were red. A serpent coiled round her neck; red tulips were in her hair. Her hair! What a fuss it was—what a passionate tangle! She was the fateful, the terrible! Near her were two sad-eyed maidens, whose golden locks were frizzed and fuzzed till their pretty heads looked like sweet, mad Ophelia. They wore lank garments of white muslin, crumpled into a million creases—eminently suggestive of the clothes basket. Lilies were fastened in their fair locks, and each carried a long stock of the Annunciation lily in her hand, adorned with leaves, buds and blossoms. My eyes rested with amused curiosity on a plain, rosy, small damsel, attired in what I have learned to call a symphony in green. Her shoes and stockings were pale green, a garland of brilliant green wreathed her yellow tresses; sage green was her dress, with various shades of the color cunningly wrought through it. Near her was the handsomest, maddest, and antidiest of all the wan, despondent women in the room. She was dressed in a raiment of gold tissue; in good faith, I know not how it was made or held. I saw no vestige of a waist or of a hand. The only distinct forms I could trace were the two puffs on the shoulders: these puffs somehow gave the impression of being dilated by an immense sigh. The garment hung very loosely about her long neck, and revealed traces of the petticoat bodice beneath. Tiger lilies were in her hair, and crimson gloves reached midway up her arms. A few other women there were whose garments were very picturesque, and who would not have attracted attention by the intense expression and color of their get-up. Another was in blue, draped with a Grecian tunic of paler blue, edged with a band of arabesque design; the hair very simple and quiet.

I had been so engaged watching the men and women around me, that I had scarcely listened to the lecture. I heard enough to understand that it was a passionate vindication of the doctrine, "Art for art's sake," ignoring its tendencies, its influences, advocating merely perfection in form. This audience was evidently fond of the horrible in idea, if it was partial to the lovely in expression. After the discourse followed a discussion. Three or four of the young men who spoke were poets; each had gone through a life-tragedy, which he had embalmed in a volume, where he told that the women he had loved were all fair and baleful. One had adored a vampire who flourished in the blood she nightly sucked from his veins. He was immensely thought of by the present gathering; but the lecturer of the evening excelled all others in the place he held in its estimation. He had surpassed all his rivals, for he had published an ode to a corpse and indited a sonnet to a dead body. I have since known some of these young poets, and found them quiet and praiseworthy members of society.

I confess it, that evening, surrounded by this limp crowd, I almost hated my picturesque gown, and wished I had appeared there in an uncompromising work-a-day costume without train or slashing, or in an inane attire, the result of a fashionable dressmaker's cogitations.

In the privacy of my chamber, however, I returned to better thoughts, and laughed till the tears ran down my cheeks as I called up again those sad women in their deliberately crumpled garments and wild hair. No, said I, let my dress be tidy and charming, made of good material, and with a beautiful picturesqueness, discreet in its deviations from the fashion of the day. By all means let it carry traces of my own individuality and taste; but let me always remember the good French maxim, that nothing is acceptable that is *outre* in a woman's dress.

New Publications.

Benziger Brothers, New York. A popular Life of Pope Pius IX, by the Rev. Richard Brennan, A. M. An elegantly gotten up book in type, paper and binding, as are all books issued from this house. The subject of this work, Pope Pius, although dead, still lives in the love and veneration of the larger part of the world's people and he may be said to have just entered upon the historic period in the pages of which his name is destined to fill a large place as is due to the public and private virtues of the man and the Pontiff. Pius and Bonaparte are the two great representative men of the XIX century, perhaps it is more true to say in y alone have given to it the stamp of their individuality, courage and public spirit. To Pius, in the future, the world will turn in gratitude for his noble defence of Liberty, both personal and public, and as the only man who remained undaunted by the bluster of the radical revolution, or who dared condemn the acts of Napoleon III and of Bismarck.

We have received from the Catholic Publication Society a "History of the Mass and its Ceremonies in the Eastern and Western Church," by the Rev. John O'Brien, A. M., Professor of Sacred Literature, St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, Md. Altho' the subject is no new one, yet as it has been principally treated heretofore in one or the other of the dead languages, its being presented to us in English, thereby bringing the subject down to the capacities of all will prove highly acceptable to the learned as well as the curious. There are few, even among the clergy who will not find something new in its pages. It is a subject, which, among Protestants especially, is but little understood, and upon which there prevails more misconception and erroneous ideas than upon almost any other point connected with the Roman Church.

The Catholic World for July has a leading article from the pen of the Rev. I. T. Hecker, upon the Catholic Church in the United States which is interesting from many points of view. This number is more than commonly filled with readable matter.

Appleton's Journal for July contains an array of interesting papers well contrasted in theme and mode of treatment. Perhaps the most important is Karl Blind's article from The Contemporary Review, entitled "Conspiracies in Russia," which has peculiar interest, as well as historical value, at the present moment. It gives the history of the numerous intrigues and attempted revolutions that have so strikingly marked the past of Russia, leading up to the present political troubles which will be treated in a subsequent paper. There is a complete novelette, under the title of "Ricarda," which is something more than a story, being an effective and admirable illustration of how a woman should and may be educated—the education being conducted by the masculine theorists. The heroine is a delightful character, and the story strikingly suggestive as well as eminently readable. "Reforms in Asiatic Turkey," by "One who has lived there," is excellent; two papers under the general title of "Italian Sketches" are picturesque and amusing. Besant and Rice's novel, "The Seamy Side," is continued. There are a review of and selections from Browning's "Dramatic Idyls;" a paper describing Queen Victoria's private apartments at Windsor; a brilliant bit of satire under the head of "Moralists on Blue China" (from the Saturday Review); and a lively paper by James Payn, "The Midway Inn." The editor reviews at length the new books, and discusses entertainingly "Reflection of National Character in Literature and Art," "Town Spaces and Town Gardens," and "The Increase of Melancholy."

The August Wide Awake will prove a rich treat to its hosts of readers, young and old. It opens with a cool-looking frontispiece of some barefoot boys angling over the mill dam, and is followed by the poem which it illustrates, "Willy's Mishap," by Elisabeth W. Dennison. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop tells a story of "One Cent." This is followed by "The Flower School at Cortear's Hook," by Mrs. Dickenson, beautifully illustrated with nine engravings by Miss Lathbury. E. L. Rynner has a charming sketch, daintily illustrated, entitled "The Tramp's Dinner Party." Mrs. Parsons, also, has a good story, "Only Fifteen." Chief of the attractions, however, is the rollicking six-paged Classic of Babyland, "The Three Pigs," by Ciara Doty Bates, with its nineteen funny illustrations by "Bog." Almost as funny is the poem furnished by Mrs. Lizzie W. Champney, entitled "Retaliation," and illustrated by her husband, "Champ." There are two other poems with exquisite drawings, "The Silver B at," by Mrs. Butts with picture by Miss Humphrey, and "Baby Thankful," by Caroline Metcalf, illustrated by Katherine Pierson, who also makes the pictures for Kate Colby's pretty story of "Sugar River." There is a funny negro "Story of a Hoe Cake." Capital installments of the three serials, St. O'Ave's, (an exciting baseball chapter), The Dooberry Bunch, and Don Quixote, Jr.; besides No. VIII of our American Artists, relative to T. W. Wood, with portrait and study drawn by the artist himself.

Lippincott publishes an exceptionally interesting number in their magazine for August, and opens with No. 1 of a finely illustrated description of Catskill and the Catskill Region. Dr. Oswald continues his Summerland Sketches, with very fine illustrations. A graphic description is given of Guignol the Marionettes of the Champs Elysees in Paris. Prof. Boyesen gives some interesting Reminiscences of Bayard Taylor, and Edward King contributes a sketch of the two recently deceased famous journalists Etienne and Villemessant. The author of Mollie Bawn has a very vivacious love story called That Last Rehearsal. The story of The Barber of Medea under the head of Women's Husbands is concluded and also Miss Porter's sketch of a Southern Village. An article full of pertinent suggestions is on Women's Mistakes about Work. A piquante and amusing story is A Narragansett Idyl. Through Winding Ways continues with increasing interest. Jennie Woodville gives in The Death Rain a striking sketch of Negro life. The poems are a Rondeau, by James Moran, Sabbates by E. T. F., August Noonday, by Henry Tirrell. The Monthly Gossip is full of interesting miscellany.

A prominent article in the contents of the North American Review for August is the paper contributed by the famous composer Richard Wagner entitled The Work and Mission of my Life, Part I of which is given. The next on the list is The Diary of a Public Man, being some unpublished passages of secret history of the late civil war. Wendell Phillips contributes an interesting sketch of Garrison; Edward A. Freeman writes about The Power of Dissolution. An article on The Founder of the Khedivate is from the pen of the late John L. Stephens. An old financier contributes a paper on The Future of Resumption, and John Fiske contributes a review of Recent Works on Ancient History and Philology.

MUSIC.

Among the recent musical publications are the following popular songs, published by G. D. Russell of Boston: Fair Blue Eyes, by Hinrichs, Robin's Song, Franz Abt, and the Rosebud Song and Dance by Robert L. Jones, music by F. A. Muller.

News Notes.

Longfellow's hair and beard are silver white.

Dean Stanley speaks of Aaron Burr as the "Satan of American history.

Secretary McCrary and Senator Zach. Chandler are said to be Spiritualists.

Dr. Mary Walker not only dresses in male attire and carries a cane, but she enjoys a good smoke.

An uncle of Gambetta, the French Republican leader, recently died in an Italian almshouse.

Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt has received a commission to execute a portrait bust of Lord Beaconsfield.

Arthur Sullivan, a brother of Barry, the tragedian, arrived at Boston from England Saturday last.

The German army is to be considerably increased, in consequence of the great armaments of Russia and France.

At Paris the Municipal Council has changed the title of many streets that were named under the reign of Napoleon III.

The colored citizens and military of Atlanta, Georgia, and De Kalb county decorated the grave of the late Colonel Alston, on Saturday last, in memory of his friendship for the colored race and services in the Legislature on the convict question.

Mr. Sinclair, of Muscatine, Iowa, awoke in the night and saw the form of a person at the window. Thinking he had caught a burglar, he drew a revolver from under his pillow, took careful aim, fired, and hit his wife, who was at the window opening the shutters.

All Monthly prostration and suffering by ladies is avoided by using Hop Bitters a few days in advance.

The New Hampshire sheriff whose duty it was to hang the murderer Buzzell a short time since, was one of his old schoolmates. He went into the condemned man's cell the other day and was recognized by his former playmate. They clasped hands and burst into tears.

The steamer Great Eastern, which has long been lying at Milford Haven, is to be fitted up with new boilers and machinery at a cost of $500 000, as a cattle ship. It is estimated that she can carry 2 200 head of cattle and 3 000 sheep. She is to trade between London and Texas.

Distressing Symptoms

in the stomach and bowels may announce the existence either of dyspepsia in the first or an obstruction in the second, or the approach of some cholerate complaint, or simple diarrhœa. Colic, bitter or sour eructations, a pressing down of the bowels, a feeling of oppression or fluttering at the pit of the stomach, are among these unpleasant symptoms. They and their cause are speedily remedied by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a single wineglassful often causing an immediate cessation of pain. When the difficulty continues it is only necessary to pursue the use of this standard carminative and anti-dyspeptic medicine to obtain entire and permanent relief. Nothing in the composition or flavor of the Bitters is in the slightest degree objectionable. Medical men pronounce it eminently pure.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, New York.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of vitality, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City*.

Oh, how refreshing, palatable and reviving is a draught of cool water with Hop Bitters in it, to a fever patient.

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

CURES THE WORST PAINS

In from One to Twenty Minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.

It was the first and is

The Only Pain Remedy

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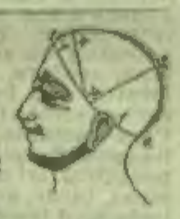

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

THESE midsummer days finds Dame Fashion resting from her labors; her work is almost accomplished for the season, and she remains a passive spectator of the many roles in which her charming creations of dress participate at the gay seaside and mountain places where the fashionable world wanders in summer. At such a time Fashion gives her chroniclers but little to report that one can consider decidedly new. She devotes her taste and skill more to improvements or slight tasteful touches here and there on the models already completed, while her critical eye secretly selects that which may be happily combined with something new in the future, and marks others which at the end of the season will be banished entirely from her regime. At such a time we must be spectators ourselves, and take a glimpse of what is worn by the votaries of fashion from which we can always select something to adapt to individual taste, whether it is a quiet or a gay one.

Here is a gay costume worn by the Princess Metternich at the fete given in Paris for the Szegeden sufferers. A skirt of shot silk, yellow and white; over this a panier tunic of yellow satin edged with white fringe; a Louis XV. corsage of the shot silk with a waistcoat of pleated Breton lace. Over this corsage a brown velvet casaque trimmed with a band of embroidery on gray cambric. Large collar and cuffs of the same. A Hebe bonnet of white straw with bows of yellow satin and brown velvet on the top, and three large red roses on the edge. In contrast to this is one of blue muslin de laine; the skirt is trimmed with pleatings of muslin de laine and blue and white shot silk. A second skirt is worn over this also of blue muslin de laine, edged with a pleating of shot silk, and forms a scarf tied in the front. This suggests the idea that one may reverse the last year's scarf tunics and they will have this year's fashion.

I noticed a very pretty dress for a young girl, in the Pinafore style, which is again greatly in favor for dresses for young people. The under dress, of plain grey silk, was made short and simply trimmed with a single kilted flounce. The long Pinafore tunic was of écru foulard with bouquets of pink flowers scattered thickly over it, trimmed at the edges with three rows of narrow black velvet, and at the bottom with a fringe of pink grey, and ecru. It was fastened upon the shoulders and at the sides with bows of black velvet. The hat was very pretty, and rather a small one, of grey straw, lined with drawn black velvet, and simply trimmed with a full wreath of pink dog roses and moss.

Here is another which is extremely tasteful in style. It consists of a white foulard skirt studded with Sevres blue bouquets most delicately painted. Like all similar dresses, it was short. The skirt terminated with a coquille ruche of blue foulard lined with pink foulard. On the left side there was a cascade of fine Argentian lace, with pink bows nestling in its folds. Instead of a bodice there was a large Lauzun jacket, fitting the figure very closely, and made entirely of Argentian lace, with pockets at the side composed of flots of satin ribbon. This jacket is fastened with a single button in front; the waistcoat was pink foulard with a cascade of Argentian lace, and there was a large rose at the neck.

This style of Lauzun jacket, made entirely of lace, is very fashionable. Breton lace has now a formidable rival in point d'esprit, and there is a novel imitation of point d'Alencon, which is also a success, and which is in great demand for trimming children's best frocks. The new collar called "Roi de Rome" is edged with it. These collars are made of the same material as either the dress or the trimming, provided it be supple. The Roi de Rome collar looks especially well in Surah foulard; it is slightly open at the throat, but indeed it is the same shape as always worn by the little princes in his portraits, and is fastened in front with a flat bow of ribbons.

Bright red, and the shade known as cardinal red, are the fashionable colors for children's wear this season. Young girls are to be seen in cardinal Surah foulard costumes, spotted with white; white sashes of plain red foulard; Roi de Rome collars, fastened with red, and white ribbon bows. Tunics are not worn by girls under twelve—they are replaced by wide sashes tied either at the side or back. There are very pretty white cashmere and white flannel frocks, made with wide claret foulard sashes, tied on the left side, the ends terminating with tassels.

For seaside wear there are brown holland costumes, trimmed with Turkey red twill, and ulsters to match, with hoods lined with red. Cream flannel costumes and cream bunting, trimmed with bands of brown or blue satin. Also gendarme blue bunting and cream white costumes for afternoon wear. Tweeds in small checks, trimmed with gathered satin, make pretty traveling costumes; but for mountain and seashore dresses, blue and ecru flannel costumes are the most comfortable, especially when made with a plain skirt in front, and kilt-plaited at the back; trimmed with rows of white braid. The jacket in the Pinafore style, with loose fronts and brass buttons, or else a sailor blouse with a deep collar. Blue and white striped ginghams are trimmed with white Russian lace, and white nainsook dresses with Breton lace. Small flchus of the same material as the dress are added to girls' outdoor jackets and blouses.

Very masculine looking traveling costumes have appeared lately; they are made of lady's cloth of dark heather mixtures. The tunics are long, and looped up over a plain skirt; the jacket opens over a long waistcoat, and is fastened with a single button; felt hat, with high crown and narrow brim, and a bird perched at the side. This is decidedly the time when fantaisie reigns, when fancy runs riot; our toilettes, our houses, our dinners, and our balls are all arranged fancifully, and simplicity is lost sight of. There was a time when if green were pronounced to be the favorite color, then every one was in green; if gigot sleeves were announced as fashionable, suddenly a sleeve with a full top and close cuff encased every arm. All this is altered and fancy asserts itself. No longer are women dressed as in uniform—on the contrary no two are attired alike: and when taste is allied to fancy the result is charming.

In bonnets fancy runs riot with a vengeance. There is the Pamela bonnet, with its crown of a huge peony or monster magnolia, for the taste for floral ornaments of a gigantic size is still on the increase. Then there is a bonnet with a brim like a cabriolet, the sides being well turned down at the ears, and kept in place with the ribbon that crosses the top and is tied demurely under the chin. The bonnet in form like a plate, and worn at the side of the head, is another fantaisie. It is of Leghorn straw, and the trimmings are straw wheatears. This bonnet demands a pretty delicate face; otherwise its wearer looks a caricature.

For traveling felt hats will be worn as well as Watteau capelines, made both of black and of white straw, and trimmed with foulard to match the dress; a large pin with a gold head fastens the bow at the side. There is the large coarse straw hat made especially for the seaside on hot days; it is trimmed with white muslin and Breton lace. Then for afternoon we have the Lamballe in black and in white straw, its wide brim lined with black velvet, a wreath of crushed roses without leaves round the crown, a tiny bud and a spray of leaves under the brim. Among the wide-brimmed hats there is also the Marie Antoinette in Leghorn straw, with sweeping white plumes, the thicker the better, and these long feathers are now dressed to perfection, the tips are twisted and the fibres have the slightest possible curl. The Dubarry capote is pretty, consisting only of a garland of roses without leaves resting on white lace.

Breton lace, for which there has been such a furore, commences to lose favor, and point d'esprit is fast taking its place. It is very simple and more durable (when ruched thickly) than crepe lisse, which of course is most becoming, but at the same time most perishable. The new soubrette caps, made entirely of point d'esprit net, and trimmed with a bow Madras foulard, are coquettish and pretty; but neither point d'esprit nor Breton is as service able as Valenciennes lace, and for trimming petticoats in which embroidery is employed fine torchon looks well, and is very durable.

Great change has come over the style and manner of wearing jewelry. The pink and white pearls forming a single button at the tip of the ear, which were affected a couple of years since, gave the idea of wearing diamonds during the day, and diamond button earrings have been the fashion during the season that has just terminated. Lockets and brooches are but little worn; in their stead we have large necklets of antique gems of Etruscan and Pompeian patterns, of plaques joined with chains—in fact, of every design; and as to bracelets they are worn in profusion—serpents and bangles encircle the arm, from the wrist to the elbow, to such a ridiculous extent as quite to conceal the outline of the arm. But simplicity has disappeared in the accessories of the toilette, and instead of ivory and tortoise shell cardcases, as of yore, we have umbrella handles, cardcases and purses ornamented with Japanese incrustations, of gold or silver, and Russian niello; and inlays of a rich character.

Fireside Chat.

THE fashion of turning the backs of cottage shape pianos to face the room instead of the wall has introduced a variety of ornamentation for them, so a few descriptive hints of the prevailing styles will not be amiss. One was composed of coarse crash or coarse unbleached sheeting fitted into the back of the piano by small tacks. At the top was worked in crewels a running pattern of ivy in shaded greens thick and full, and irregular as a branch of closely growing ivy would be in nature. From this ran light tendrils with leaves all down the back of the piano, getting smaller towards the end. All round the square as a finish was a row of ivy leaves, laid singly one over the other, showing a small stalk. Another was in green serge of a dark shade, with a cluster of convolvulus of various colors, and leaves at the top and bottom, extending the whole width: in the centre was a very large monogram, formed by the flowers and leaves, very neatly and gracefully entwined, showing distinctly the outline of the letters. This had an excellent effect. This design carried out in forget me-nots would be very pretty. I saw blue and white violets and leaves arranged thus on pale blue serge the other day, in the room of a lady whose name was "Violet." The valance on the mantelshelf, the curtains which hung down on each side of the fire, and some antimacassars, were worked to match. The back of a piano, with a covering of crash, had a wreath of artificial leaves all along the top, with a few loose ones hanging down; the leaves were tacked on and arranged thickly, but somewhat carelessly, to take away any stiff appearance. Another way of ornamenting a piano back is to work two or three bands about six inches wide, of crewel embroidery, and arrange colored or black satin between. The satin must be gathered a little at each side, to give a puffed appearance. Bands of black satin (the cotton backed variety sold so cheaply now, or sash ribbon), with white and yellow jessamine, or small oranges, leaves and blossoms, or some other flower worked on in crewels and silks, with puffed pink, red, or pale blue satin between, has a beautiful effect. Serge, with velvet bands, or silk or satin with serge bands, answer the purpose equally well. This may be an idea for some one who has, perhaps, some strips of work by her that she does not quite know how to turn to account, or where to put to the best advantage. Circular worked cushions are often seen with a puffing of black or colored satin around, between the two sides. Little square cushions of various colors are often to be seen about a room, on sofas and chairs. Thus remnants and odd pieces of plush, satin, velvet, &c., can be turned to account. Waste-paper baskets can be made very ornamental with two bands or even one, with satin puffed between, with a ruche to match round the edge. Quilts of serge or sheeting with an embroidered edge, and a large floral monogram in the centre, are ornamental coverings for a bed. It is beginning to be the fashion to work the quilts to match the chints as far as possible, or the color and if a lady is a quick worker and fond of employment, she can do much in this way. For instance, the blue room (we know how general in country houses it is to designate rooms by the prevailing color) would have a quilt embroidered with forget-me-nots or some other blue flower. Perhaps the color of a table, or the top of the toilet table would be worked to match. The pink room could have pink roses or some other pink flower; and so on. The appliquéing of the chintz of the room on to serge or linen is sometimes done. Chair backs of colored serge, with satin bows at the corners, also look well. A pretty border to a table was shown me of small oranges, leaves, and blossoms on dark green serge, the oranges being of orange colored satin stuffed with wadding: only one side was stuffed, the other being of cardboard and appliquéd flat on to the serge. Leaves and stalks worked in silks and crewels, took away the hardness of outline. The effect was very good; the idea was original, and the worker told me she first cut out a circle of cardboard of the size, then took her piece of satin, tacked it half round the card, then pushed in with scissors the wadding, and so shaped and padded her orange; then continued the sewing. Brown silk marked it at the top, and the stalk was also of silk. Another specimen of original work was a valance of dark green velvet, with a most medium design of Spanish chestnuts and leaves, the whole being composed of odds and ends of piece silk appliquéd on and veined with appropriate silks, copied from nature to a certain extent. The design was previously arranged and colored, and the worker worked from it. The cup containing the chestnuts was of silk, spiked all over with silk to copy the natural markings as near as possible; the chestnuts, breaking through and showing, were in brown silks. Some of the leaves were brown and rich and yellow, the others of various greens. The whole was most uncommon for this design is scarcely ever seen in work. A pretty fireplace, where the fire was not lighted, was arranged thus: The curtains on each side were of cream sheeting, edged with Macrame, they were drawn back with broad band, showing piece of red brocade like a curtain before the fire grate. On each side, concealed in the band which confined the sheeting curtains, was a tin with ivy planted in, in long sprays, which strayed over the curtains, and looked very delicate and pretty. The mantelboard was of sheeting, with Macrame fringing it, and above a broad band of the red brocade. Gilding flower pots with Bessemer's gold is a good way of hiding their natural color, or with gilding powder, sold with a varnish, with which it is to be mixed. The gold lasts very well, and can be easily renewed when rubbed or tarnished. It improves the appearance of a flower pot very much, and transforms it into a handsome ornament. One coat is generally sufficient, if thickly mixed.

Painting on Silk.—Having painted a good deal on silk and satin, but in water-color only I think a few practical suggestions may prove interesting. There are various uses to which painting on silk and satin may be applied: fans, sachets, covers for photograph books, folding and banner screens (or, in fact any sort of screen) borders for tables and for portiere curtains, chimney piece valances, and likewise fireplace curtains, brackets, and also beautiful trimmings for dresses. Flowers, ferns, birds, and butterflies are suitable subjects, and the designs taken from nature and tastefully grouped of course look more natural than copies; but everyone has not the gift of composition, and, for those who have not, care should be taken in choosing a tasteful design to copy from. Black and gray I have generally found show the painting best, but the color of the material must depend on the color of flowers or birds to be painted on it. White is very pretty for a dress trimming. To prepare the silk so that it may not crackle wet it thoroughly with a very little isinglass dissolved in water, using a soft sponge; then strain the silk very tightly with drawing pins on a good even board, and when perfectly dry it will then ready for the paint. Arrange and carefully draw out your design on any common tinnish paper, rub chalk well over the back of it, and place the paper carefully, and so that it shall slip about on the silk, with the chalk side down on the silk, then trace the pattern with some rather pointed instrument—an agate is the best tracer; when traced remove the pattern, and with a clean handkerchief lightly flick off all the superfluous chalk from the silk, and the design will appear very slightly marked out, and should at once be painted over with Chinese white to prevent it rubbing. I found it a good plan to put a tolerably thick coating of Chinese white over all the pattern I intend painting. Painting a long strip for border of a portiere curtain, I found it advisable to paint a breadth of silk at a time, and, when the requisite length was completed, then to join the breadths together and paint over any irregularities in the joints. Painting on satin is not so easy as painting on silk; the satin must not be wetted, but merely pinned on the board, taking great care to pin it on very evenly. If white silk or satin be used, a light colored chalk should be used for rubbing over the back of the pattern, as white chalk would hardly show, but great care and delicacy are required lest the chalk should rub or soil the silk or satin. Different kinds of ferns prettily grouped, without any colored flowers, have an exceedingly good effect.

An Old Subscriber.

At the steamboat explosion at Lake Minnetonka, a man who put out to the wreck in boat succeeded in rescuing a lady, who at once piteously implored him to try and save her dog. This he refused to do, and a moment later she pointed to a gentleman, who, half in the water, and half out, was clinging, beside the engineer, to a large piece of the wreck that was floating in the vicinity, and requested her rescuer to save him, too, as he was her husband. He was fished out, but the dog was not recovered.

No less than 13 000 letters and telegrams were received by their majesties on their golden wedding day. The King of Bavaria sent his congratulations to the Emperor by autographic letter. The German princes presented the Empress with 27 000 marks for application to the Augusta Institution, and providing for the board and education of the children of the soldiers killed in battle. The Empress, though not so popular as the Emperor, is deeply honored by all.

Answers to Inquirers.

EQ. V. (Burlington, N. J.)—Atlantic City is 61 miles from Philadelphia.

HENRY W. (Council Bluffs, Ia.)—Eureka is a Greek word and means "I have found it."

HISTORICAL. (Erie, Pa.)—Abraham Lincoln was assassinated by John Wilkes Booth, April 15, 1865.

J. McF. (Newark, N. J.)—The less you have to do with the parties referred to, the better for yourself.

JOHN. (Herkimer, N. Y.)—We advise you to go ahead and win her. Past discouragements are nothing in love.

E. K. E. (Amboy, Ind.)—The company is every way reliable, we believe, and you may deal with them without fear.

W. H. (Wenosha, Wis.)—You have not copied the Latin correctly. It should be Ante tempus nihil judicate. "Judge nothing before its time" (out of season.)

W. P. R. (Sumner, Tenn.)—As regards metals, lead is one of the best non-conductors of heat of minerals, pumice stone; of liquids, water; of salts, sulphate of soda.

HOUSEWIFE. (Bradford, Pa.)—Wash the discolored ivory fan with spirits of turpentine; then expose it for several days to the sun and air, and it will become quite white.

THERESA. (Sandisfield, Mass.)—You must be courageous, and peremptorily break off the engagement. The man, by his suspicions, has rendered himself unworthy of you.

NANNIE. (Stearns, Wyo.)—You cannot leave without giving your landlord the proper notice. He is not bound to have your ceiling mended, or do any other repairs inside your house.

FRANK. (Roanoke, Va.)—To get rid of your disagreeably florid complexion, decrease the quantity of your animal food and entirely dispense with every fluid diet except water or buttermilk.

SALIX. (Woolbury, N. J.)—If your suitor will not take "No" for an answer but importunes you with his attentions you should invoke the aid of your father, brother, or some other male relative.

PLAY. (No dis., Pa.)—The Macaroni club was an association formed in London in the year 1775 in opposition to the famous Beefsteak club. The dress of this club, formed of young men of fashion, was enormously extravagant and peculiar.

E. M. (Sheldon, Ind.)—You must practice a rigid economy until you get not merely a fair but a sure start on the road to prosperity; and then you must continue to be economical, if you would make a sure thing of getting and keeping a fortune.

W. ROBINSON. (Noble, O.)—Nostradamus was a celebrated astrologer and physician, born in 1503, and who died in 1566. In 1555 he published his book of Prophecies in French, and in 1685 it was translated into English and published in folio.

E. S. (Surry, Va.)—Permit us to answer your question by a well-known quotation:

"Neither a borrower or a lender be,
For loss oft loseth both itself and friend:
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."

SUSAN. (Hancock, Md.)—The English rule is that the engagement ring should be worn on the third finger of the left hand, on the same that the golden circle of matrimony is thereafter placed. You must acknowledge the introduction by a slight inclination of the body.

ACHROMATIC. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The fault is in your not using the emery in successive degrees of fineness. The second quality of emery should grind out the coarse lines of the first quality, and the third quality those of the second, and so on, until you come to polish with the putty.

FLORINE. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—In summer it is rather beneficial than otherwise to sleep with the window a little way open, so long as you are a distance from it, and not actually exposed to draught. Imperfect ventilation of the sleeping apartment is one of the radical faults of American homes; hence the common observation that most deaths take place during the night, and that many invalids are discovered when we wake in the morning.

E. E. (Germantown, Pa.)—If you "can't flop without dancing," you will of course have to dance or perish. But it is possible that if you would try to live ten minutes, say, without executing saltatory movements, you could do so? Then you might try another ten minutes, and then another, and so on through the entire day. Then you could begin again the next day, and by taking it ten minutes at a time overcome it without recourse to hopping up and down and spinning round like a teetotum. The experiment would be worth trying.

REVON. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Your question is a very obscure one—"What rank does a lion rampant hold in heraldry?" Surely you do not understand heraldry. As a coat-armor, charge, or bearing the lion rampant is very good indeed, and it may be very ancient. The bearing of animals as charges is old enough, as also are other simpler charges, bends, lozenges, crosses, chevrons, piles, besants etc. The charge itself does not denote rank; the antiquity of the coat of arms is alone honorable.

BROWNIE. (Downie, Kans.)—We do not consider light brown at all a "nasty" color if it is kept as a lady's hair ought to be, in thoroughly good order. We are glad that you do not wish to dye it. Perhaps, if you use the following mixture it will give your hair a shade more of brown. Take by measure a gill each of old rum and castor oil, and add to it twelve drops of oil of rosemary. Keep in a bottle and well mix before using. If it does not darken your hair, you will find that it will have an immense effect in increasing its growth and beauty.

L. G. (St. Louis, Mo.)—A girl who "makes free" with a young man on her first introduction to him, and finally takes his handkerchief from his pocket, and refuses to return it to him, must either be very ignorant, or very rude and vulgar. A boyden, who had never been in company, and had a notion that she "must do something or other smart," and yet knew not what to do, might act as you describe, and still be innocent of evil, but a girl of intelligence who should behave to us would be apt to be capable of doing much worse things than the purloining of a young man's pocket handkerchief.

JOCELYN. (Covington, Ky.)—It is hardly possible for you, having read the list of articles we sent us, to know more of DeQuincey than through his works. Properly speaking, the chief part of every author is his works. The essential part of De Quincey are three peculiar essays, "Murder as a Fine Art," "Judas Iscariot," etc., in which he decided to be different from the world. We, personally, are stupid enough to think him very much overrated. His style was capital; but beyond that, we doubt whether he has taught the world much; and as we grow older we doubt the value of those literary "prodigious." Bloodless, cool, high rope skippers and walkers, who do clever things that we admire, but which we soon forget, or at least do not profit by.

INQUIRER. (Cape May, N. J.)—Potatoes were first introduced into England by Sir Walter Raleigh, from Virginia, in 1586, but they were doubtless introduced into Spain much earlier from Quito, for in 1565 they were sent to Flanders from Italy, having been received from Spain, where they were at that time so common an article of food as even to be fed to the pigs. It is supposed that the occurrence and seeming discovery of the potato in Virginia was really owing to its early introduction there by the Spaniards, there being no proof of its cultivation by the aborigines of this country or Mexico. The cultivation of the potato made very slow progress in Europe, and it is only within the last one hundred years that it has been common even in Ireland, a country which has since then depended so largely upon it. Many varieties of the potato have been developed, but within the past ten years more new varieties have been produced than in all previous years.

ROSE. (Toledo, O.)—Yes, there is a difference between pride and vanity. They partake of each other, but vanity (literally emptiness) is personal, often slightly amiable, and weak. Pride may be strong, ambitious, and even noble. A truly proud man is too much so to be vain. A weak man is vain of his hands, hair, face, looks; vain of his clothes, relations, his connection with great people; a proud man is above all that. Pride goes before a fall; vanity will be careful to look out for the stumbling block. Pride is often blind; vanity has keen sight; the first rejects and contemns flattery, and demands adulation—it cares for any—as its right. "I," said Lord Byron, "let him see that I know my place and his." There's pride. But the same lord shaved the top of his forehead to make it look high, and curled his auburn hair to make it fall in ringlets. There is vanity. Both are bad passions; one is more dangerous, the other more contemptible. Kick them both out.